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# THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.**

*—The Voice of the Silence*

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## THE COLOUR BAR

Men and women belonging to ery school of thought are con- mplating the New Order to be tablished after the War. There e certain problems which call for mediate attention even while the ar is going on, and among them the destruction of the colour bar. ndhiji repeats in his own way at Madame Chiang Kai-Shek said ew weeks ago. She said :—

In the New World Order that we are ng to create, there must be no talk superior or inferior. We must be ual—men and women of all races— shing forward to a great ideal.

And Gandhiji :—

Here, I would like to repeat what ave said about the withdrawal of British Power from India. Both erica and Britain lack the moral is for engaging in this war, unless y put their own houses in order, by king it their fixed determination to hdraw their influence and power h from Africa and Asia and remove colour bar. They have no right talk of protecting Democracy and protecting civilisation and human freedom, until the canker of White superiority is destroyed in its entirety.

This journal has published many articles on the subject, for it holds as a conviction that unless the problem of colour bar is solved there must ensue in the future, perhaps the near future, a struggle between the "white" and the coloured races which in its hatred and bloodshed would make even the ghastliness of the present world-war pale into insignificance. Rather than pen our own comments, we print below a few extracts only from some of the articles which have already appeared in our previous volumes.

Describing the conditions in British Africa, Mr. Arthur J. Hoffman concludes :—

Had we *imagination* none of these things could be; had we *moral sense* we could never one day talk of our obligations to the colonies and another consider the benefits derived from trade; had we *honest intellect* we could not at one moment put forward trustee-

ship of the black races and at the next urge colonial development as the solution of our own unemployment and other problems. Is this doing unto others what we would that they should do to us ?

( " What Civilization Has Done for the Native. "
THE ARYAN PATH, February 1930 )

Colour prejudice is immoral because it contrives to give a natural justification for pride and a conviction of superiority : and that pride and that conviction, in their turn, supply the excuse and justification for oppression and the enslavement of the weaker to subserve the purposes of the stronger.

( " Some Moral Aspects of the Colour Bar, " by Lord Olivier.
THE ARYAN PATH, March 1930 )

Nor can it be disputed that the ingrained Imperialism of white people, particularly in the case of English people, has a very great deal to do with the anti-colour attitude. For " the glory of Empire "—that Empire " upon which the sun never sets " in spite of slums and unemployment and an exploited proletariat—India must be ruled with a firm hand " for its own good " and for the sake of British prestige in the East...and lest the rising tide in the East flood over the West and submerge it once and for all...Only, of course, that sort of thing is not admitted in the capitalist-controlled Imperialist press ; it sounds so much better—so much more dignified, and re-assuring, to talk about India's inability to govern itself, and the glory of Empire.

( " The Colour Question," by Ethel Mannin.
THE ARYAN PATH, February 1933 )

The problem of the Negroes thus remains a part of the world-wide clash of colour. So, too, the problem of the Indians can never be simply a problem of autonomy in the British commonwealth of nations. They must always stand as representatives of the coloured races—of the yellow and black peoples as well as the brown—of the majority of mankind, and together with the Negroes they must face the insistent problem of the assumption of the white peoples of Europe that they have a right to dominate the world and especially so to organize it politically and industrially as to make most men their slaves and servants.

( " The Clash of Colour," by W. E. B. Du Bois
THE ARYAN PATH, March 1936 )

But when the investigator of race conflict in the United States has given full weight to economic causes he will come upon something else not so easily explained. He will find, permeating strata of society that cannot be affected by economic competition, and among persons totally aloof from all interests of or intercourse with the workers, a strange, malignant, bitter and persisting hatred of all human beings of African ancestry. He will find white men of station, wealth, and even of education, conspiring to prevent legislation against lynching, and secretly or openly gloating when a lynching has been done. He will be compelled to admit that this hatred among such men is often carried to extremes that seem hardly sane and elsewhere would be deemed incredible. To understand this feeling among such men ( and women ) is the most difficult part of the inquiry and yet unescapable if the problem is ever to be comprehended and solved.

( "The Racial Situation in America," by Charles Edward Russell.
THE ARYAN PATH, March 1937 )

# DOSTOEVSKY AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

[Over fifty years ago Mme. H. P. Blavatsky wrote that what the European world needed was a dozen writers such as Dostoevsky, "not authors writing for wealth or fame, but fearless apostles of the living Word of Truth, moral healers of the pustulous sores of our century." And she added: "To write novels with a moral sense in them deep enough to stir Society, requires a great literary talent and a *born* theosophist as was Dostoevsky."

We publish here the first of two articles by **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** on the great novelist's struggles with the problem of evil, which will form one chapter in his forthcoming book on Dostoevsky.—ED.]

## I.—SORROW IS

Dostoevsky was primarily a novelist, a literary artist, but he was also a thinker who constantly brooded over the destiny of man on our planet; he could not ignore for a minute the pathos of the human situation, how for most of us

> A little fruit a little while is ours,
> And the worm finds it soon.

Dostoevsky's childhood and youth were not particularly happy; his father was a stern man and rarely touched his son's heart; his mother, of course, was worthy of affection and respect, but she too played no vital part in Dostoevsky's life; as for early acquaintances, with Dostoevsky it was a case of "all or nothing," and hence even his occasional friendships tormented rather than soothed him. In his fifteenth year, Dostoevsky lost his mother, and thus he knew Pain at close quarters. Moreover, he had been caught by the Romantic fever of his time and was given to meditative moodiness. In his sixteenth year, Dostoevsky was, to quote Mr. E. H. Carr,

> a youth of awkward demeanour, thick-set, blond and abnormally pale; shunning the dancing-classes and other lighter shades of life in the Academy; sitting in the corner of a dark and airless dormitory reading or writing by the light of a tallow candle; or pacing to and fro in precocious discussion of the problems of existence with one or two kindred spirits.

The youth of sixteen discussing "the problems of existence" is not an ordinary phenomenon; but in the Dostoevskian world there are characters like the precocious Ippolit Terentyev and Kolya Krassotkin who are equally oppressed by the "problems of existence." Soon, however, another calamity happened; three years after his mother's death, Dostoevsky heard the news of his father's murder. The old man had lived a fast life on his farm, and some of his angry peasants had presumably murdered their landlord in order to avenge some real or fancied wrong.

The murder of his parent was a great shock, and his habitual depression only put on darker hues. The position of the family, too, was "appalling." Nevertheless, Dostoevsky "carried on"; he read and he wrote, he doubted and he brooded; he made acquaintances and quarrelled with them; he was perpetually in want. Exultation followed close upon depression, but presently depression gained control over him again. He now experienced the pangs of authorship; he was almost a literary celebrity; but his health made him feel uneasy and he tortured himself with all sorts of doubts and fears. It was no singularly happy man who was suddenly caught by the current of prosecution and swept into the wastes of Siberia. The conviction but isolated and accentuated Dostoevsky's inward agony.

Siberia was to prove Dostoevsky's spiritual laboratory. Divorced altogether from civilization—from his kith and kin, from the world of books, from the companionship of cultured men—Dostoevsky could now indeed fix his gaze on the problems of existence, obstinately seeking their solution. There is Pain in this world, sure enough, made up of disease, ugliness, cruelty, double-dealing, stupidity, and what not; if Pain exists, and exists so triumphantly, then Evil also exists! If, then, we should accept Pain and Evil as our daily portion, what can possibly be the nature of ultimate Reality? If God exists, why does He permit Pain and Evil to ravage the human heart and to contaminate the human soul? If human life is a mere vale of tears, how is its continuation—immortal life—likely to be? Or—do not God and immortality exist after all?

In *The Brothers Karamazov*, Ivan tells Alyosha:—

"It's different for other people; but we in our green youth have to settle the eternal questions first of all. That's what we care about. Young Russia is talking about nothing but the eternal questions now. Just when the old fools are all taken up with practical questions."[1]

That was how Dostoevsky felt in Siberia. Practical questions of prison reform could wait; they hardly mattered; the urgent thing to do was to invade the invisible and discover what was there. It was thus of vital importance to him to throw his faith into the crucible of his dialectic, and to watch and wait for the result. He should, once and for all, either accept God and immortality or give them their *congé*.

Dostoevsky presumably revolved these "eternal questions" in his mind again and again; he gathered up his own experiences, culled bits from life and from literature and from the columns of the newspapers and wished to shake them together into a single compound: it was a hopeless business; it led him no-

[1] The quotations are from Mrs. Constance Garnett's English translations of Dostoevsky's novels.

where. He now placed hypothetical characters in tense situations, watched them react to their environment, registered their shifting movements in the worlds of matter and of spirit. As he brooded more and more, wrestling with his fancies and his nightmare visions, his great characters assumed form and significance, and seemed to "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven": they became, in John Cowper Powys's words, apocalyptic visions of psychic ecstasies. As an unashamedly honest and vital human being, Dostoevsky delved into the depths of the unconscious in himself and dared to imagine the ultimate possibilities of their development; at the same time, he scaled also the intellectual and spiritual heights to which his own subtler self had fitfully and feverishly aspired, and, off and on, he even landed on a Himalayan peak or two. No wonder, he was "frightened like a mouse" sometimes; we, his readers, are also often frightened like mice when we confront some of his great creations. Fiction becomes more urgent than fact; we are for ever implicated in the Dostoevskian universe, and we cannot extricate ourselves from its apocalyptic struggles between Good and Evil—Good indicated by Form, and Harmony, and Happiness and Evil by Disorder, and mere Noise, and meaningless Pain.

Dostoevsky's great creations are thus not only palpitatingly human but they are also symbolic of his own heart-searchings, obstinate questionings and tortuous reasonings on the fundamental issue between Good and Evil. Dostoevsky would exhaust, one by one, the various possibilities of tackling the "eternal question." There is, first of all, the way in which man the animal faces the issue. It is Fyodor Pavlovitch's way. Like the wild beasts, he is governed by mere animal instincts; he can talk cleverly, he can lie with ease, he can accumulate money; but in essence he is a superb beast. He would live as long as he can, drain the cup of life to the very bottom. All women attract him; he finds "something devilishly interesting" in every woman. He will drink and sleep with women and snore to the very end: he will stand on the "rock of sensuality" till he can stand so no more. Papa Karamazov will neither regret the past nor worry himself about the meaning of life. He will merely live his life in his own beastly way, relishing, if he can, every moment of it, every sensation it can yet give him; and we know that men like Fyodor Pavlovitch are thrilled by a perennial sense of fulfilment, and are consequently happy."

Ivan loathes people like his father, but he can understand them, even appreciate them in a way. It is Ivan who almost scandalizes Dmitri by saying: "Fyodor Pavlovitch, our papa, was a pig, but his ideas were right enough." If there is no God and no immortality, everything is

certainly lawful ; and if he desires it, man can of course revel in the mire of sensuality as long as he can and as much as he can !

Simple people like Dmitri, Sonia Marmeladov and Natasha take for granted that God exists ; without this faith, they would feel helpless, and they would be unable to endure life for an instant. Believing in God, they reconcile themselves to this world and its unescapable concomitant, Pain ; they even think that, in some obscure way, they are bound to reach self-knowledge and the reality of salvation through suffering and pain. Dmitri puts the point of view of these simple people thus :—

" If God doesn't exist, man is the chief of the earth, of the universe. Magnificent ! Only how is he going to be good without God ?...For whom is man going to love then ? To whom will he be thankful ? To whom will he sing the hymn ? "

The rationalist may laugh at these questions, but to Dmitri these rhetorical questions are sufficient proof of the existence of God and hence of immortality.

The simple reasoning of a Dmitri is based on an axiom : man desperately needs some mysterious Power whom he can love, to whom he can feel grateful and in whose honour he can sing hallelujahs. Since without such a Power man's life will be savourless and insupportable, *ergo*, it exists. To other men, more severely logical than a Dmitri Karamazov, the issue is a more complex one and is not to be so easily settled. If God really exists, why does He tolerate so much misery, bestiality and cruelty in our midst ? Surely, He could have somehow or other prevented the murder of Aloyna Ivanovna ? On the contrary, destiny intervenes in so perverse a fashion that Raskolnikov kills, not only the pawnbroker woman, but her innocuous sister as well ! It may be that the murderer, Raskolnikov, is driven by his own inward agony to confess his crime to the authorities. This does not, by any means, undo the murder itself. Can it be, then, that God doesn't exist ? Or does it mean that the Power that rules over us is only an Evil Power, bent upon causing misery and turning all our good enterprises awry ? It cannot be, for Good too is not altogether foreign to this world ; Raskolnikov murdered without hindrance, but he also scattered benefits on his fellow human beings. The Power, even if it exists, is thus neither Good nor Evil ; it is indifferent, that's all !

This exactly is the dialectic of a Svidrigailov. His lucid intelligence has surveyed the human prospect and found no unifying purpose therein. He, Svidrigailov, is the sole *raison d'être* for his own existence ; he might say, as does Prince Valkovsky, that all is nonsense except himself—his own personality. He can do what he likes, will what he likes ; like the denizen of the underworld, Svidrigailov too would assert his right " to desiderate for himself what is foolish and harmful," and

would be bound by no obligation whatever to desiderate merely so-called good or sensible things. How else could he assert his reality, his individual personality? Of course, if there does exist a Power that governs everything, a Power that will make him knuckle under, aye, crush him, so much the better: the thrill of discovery will more than compensate for the loss of his own omnipotence. How, then, put the matter to a crucial test? He has had country wenches in the past, but they had been willing to be seduced by him—and, perhaps, no real "crime" had been committed at all. He would now attempt a wholly abominable thing, and see what happened: a sort of scientific inquiry in his unique spiritual laboratory!

It is one of the great scenes in Dostoevsky. Making use of his knowledge of Raskolnikov's secret, Svidrigailov has lured Dounia, the murderer's sister, to his room alone and he fixes on her a look of unfaltering determination. Wouldn't God hurl His thunderbolt on this unspeakable villain? The minutes speed on. Dounia has probably expected this: being a determined woman herself, she faces her tormentor squarely and aims her pistol at him. After all, there is a divinity..? No; twice she shoots at Svidrigailov, at pretty close quarters, and yet nothing happens to him. Now hardly two paces separate them; Svidrigailov asks her to make a third attempt. She cannot do it, she flings the revolver away. "A weight seemed to have rolled from his heart—perhaps not only the fear of death; indeed he may scarcely have felt it at that moment. It was the deliverance from another feeling, darker and more bitter, which he could not himself have defined." He needn't fear Him,—He doesn't exist; Arkady Ivanovitch Svidrigailov is his own law, the master of his own fate and the captain of his own soul. There's none really to call him to order; there is none to love him either; his unholy eminence frightens him and disgusts him. He hands Dounia the key to the door—and she is gone.

It is possible to argue that the very fact that Svidrigailov ultimately spares Dounia shows that, after all, a divinity does shape our ends, rough-hew them how we will. Svidrigailov himself thinks otherwise; he has spared Dounia because he has lost all relish for further experiments with truth. He is alone, and that is enough for him. He has done evil and he has not been punished; he will now do some good, knowing full well that he is not going to be blessed either. He therefore provides for the Marmeladov children, including Sonia, and he makes a rich present to the girl he is *not* going to marry. One thing only remains. His experiments with truth have shown him no truth higher than the validity of his own will. Can the fact of death alter the situation? Can there be such a thing as immortality? Maybe, even should it exist, im-

mortality and eternity may be no more than a sort of cribbed and cabinned monotony in a tiny bath-room in a country-house. Nevertheless, that too should be put to the test: hence, coolly and logically, Svidrigailov blows his brains out.

Nikolay Stavrogin is Svidrigailov himself, but a Svidrigailov realized in heroic proportions. He is young and beautiful, and there is genius in merely being young and beautiful. He is a creature of the modern age, severely self-conscious and insatiably curious; his pellucid intelligence, ever working with chilling clarity, lures him further and further and lands him at last, high and dry, on the shrivelling snows of despair. Coldly and deliberately, only to satisfy his pride—the pride that would desiderate anything and everything—he wills and achieves, one by one, various conquests over what ordinary people would call instincts, emotions, and even common-sense. His whole vocation becomes an endless experimentation, and out of it all nothing but despair issues in the end. He has ridden rough-shod over his innate sense of decency and of decorum, over his self-interest, over his pride itself; he has made a dash across the network of conventions, the elaborate façade of human ethics and morality; and he has landed himself outside the City of God. But his life is a failure, and he realizes that there is no going back for him. He has inspired others—a Shatov, a Kirillov, even a Pyotr Verhovensky—to take themselves and their mission seriously; but he, Stavrogin, can pluck no inspiration from his own heart or head to turn his life into a purposeful thing, or even merely to endure it. A ventriloquist of the spirit, Stavrogin has forgotten the nature of his own voice; when the revels are ended, and both Marya and Lizaveta are dead, Stavrogin's spirit is atrophied and the will to live is altogether gone. How can it profit him that his consciousness has asserted its supremacy over everything and everybody? A desert is all that is left to it to rule over—"the frozen waste of eternity;" neither love nor hate, neither spite nor envy has now any part or lot in Stavrogin's life. Like Svidrigailov, Stavrogin too realizes the futility of living; but, being "afraid of showing greatness of soul," he does not, like Svidrigailov, shoot himself, instead, he hangs himself with a strong cord, "chosen and prepared beforehand" and "thickly smeared with soap."

Stavrogin's virile and uncompromising self-consciousness issues constantly in action, and through it alone realizes its potentialities. Ivan Karamazov, on the other hand, is merely a supersensitive engine of daring speculation. His real predecessor in the Dostoevskian universe is not so much Stavrogin or Svidrigailov as the precocious and consumptive boy, Ippolit Terentyev. After scrutinizing a picture of the Christ (a very good copy of a Holbein, according to Myshkin) in Rogozhin's gloomy house, young

Ippolit is urged to write thus : "In the picture the face is terribly crushed by blows, swollen, covered with fearful, swollen, blood-stained bruises ; the eyes are open and squinting ; the great wide-open whites of the eyes glitter with a sort of deathly glassy light." The unspeakable agony depicted in the picture makes Ippolit wonder if Nature is not really a blind, implacable, and merciless beast or an enormous modern mechanical engine ; Jesus Christ may be the greatest of men, but the beast mangles him all the same, the machine crushes him none-the-less. He who could triumphantly say—"Lazarus, come forth!"—could not save himself in the end. Ippolit feels that, if the Christ could have seen Himself after the crucifixion, He might not have consented to mount the cross. No wonder Myshkin says that the picture in Rogozhin's house "might make some people lose their faith"; and Rogozhin chimes in : " That's what it is doing." Ippolit has known disease and seen suffering at close quarters ; and these puzzle him ; he cannot see their relation to a just order in the universe. Of course, he admits that he cannot wrest Nature's ultimate secret, for it is not given to mere man, living in our Euclidean world, to succeed in this enterprise. But Ippolit cannot " accept " the world ; it makes him dream bad dreams, and in itself it is incomprehensible ; he doesn't want even the three weeks he is entitled to live, he will therefore put an end to his existence at once !

Ivan Karamazov is an older, and a far more mature and sensitive, character. Whereas Svidrigailov and Stavrogin brood as well as act, Ivan only broods and thinks dangerous thoughts ; his dialectic may lead him to the conclusion that " everything is lawful, " but he simply cannot put his theory into practice. Intellectually he may feel convinced that Papa Karamazov is merely a pig and, should Dmitri kill him, it is nothing to worry about—one reptile will have devoured another ; and yet, after the murder, Ivan hates Dmitri " *just because he was the murderer of his father.*" He may say that Fyodor Pavlovitch's views are right enough ; but the very thought of acting in accordance with those views sends Ivan into a frenzy of despair. He says that the Karamazov way of living will be, in any case, impossible for him after the age of thirty : and then nothing will remain except to dash the cup of life to the ground ! It is doubtful if Ivan, constituted as he is, would ever agree to lean on the "strength of the Karamazov baseness"; a man like him would put the evil hour off and off, and die rather than stifle his soul with debauchery.

Thus Ivan's struggle is hardly ever on a terrestrial plane ; it takes place rather in the theatre of his own soul, and it is the more exhausting and deadly for that very reason. Svidrigailov and Stavrogin can sustain their interest in life as long as there are fresh worlds to conquer ;

they can forget themselves in the thrill of action. As for Ivan, personal experimentation is not at all necessary to help him to arrive at his startling conclusions. He has but to look about himself and to survey human history to get corroboration for his theories. And what does he find ? He puts the matter succinctly : " People talk sometimes of bestial cruelty, but that's a great injustice and insult to the beasts ; a beast can never be so cruel as man, so artistically cruel." People are cruel, cruel to one another, cruel to the defenceless *because* they are defenceless, cruel for the sake of cruelty rather than with a view to punishing the guilty ; Ivan knows that " there are people who at every blow are worked up to sensuality, to literal sensuality, which increases progressively at every blow they inflict"; and Ivan screams out the question, Why ? Why ? Why should such things be ? If you say that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, such a truth, says Ivan, " is not of this world and is beyond my comprehension." If you say that these manifold instances of Pain are only the necessary parts of a superior Harmony, Ivan flares up in indignation. " I don't want harmony. From love of humanity I don't want it. I would rather be left with the unavenged suffering...and unsatisfied indignation...It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha, only I most respectfully return Him the ticket."

This is "rebellion," sure enough, and Ivan knows that one cannot "live" in rebellion ; and yet, although his logic has demolished his desire to live, the Karamazov thirst for life is strong in him still. He readily confesses to Alyosha : " I love the sticky little leaves as they open in spring. I love the blue sky, I love some people...I love some great deeds done by men..." Such a man as Ivan, in spite of his logic, cannot be lost ; his conscience is the more excruciating for being ever pitted against his cold, remorseless logic ; he tortures himself with the thought that he may have indirectly instigated Smerdyakov to kill Fyodor Pavlovitch ; and one may suppose that, when he recovers from his brain-fever, he will accept the defeat of his logic and be healed by the emotion of love.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

# THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION IN GNOSTIC THOUGHT

[ It is only to be expected that the Gnosis, a clear echo of the archaic secret teaching of the East, should include the doctrine of reincarnation which is a fundamental tenet of the latter. Each of the Gnostic sects " was founded by an Initiate, while their tenets were based on the correct knowledge of the symbolism of every nation." Gnosticism undeniably shared many elements in common with other offshoots of the traditional secret knowledge but it is open to question whether the term syncretism, which **Dr. Margaret Smith** applies to Gnosticism in this interesting study does not apply more justly to the Christian canon, which is a mosaic of fragments of Gnostic wisdom.—ED. ]

Gnosticism, as its name indicates, is a system of teaching based upon the belief in a Gnosis or knowledge higher than that obtained by mere human study :

> the knowledge of who we were, what we have become, where we were, into what place we have been thrown : whither we are hastening, whence we are redeemed : what is birth, what rebirth.

Gnosticism is a syncretism, containing elements derived from many sources, the chief of which are to be found ultimately in Babylonia, Persia and Egypt, while India had some influence upon it. It has also derived a considerable amount from Hellenistic thought. In all Gnostic systems there is a belief in salvation and redemption, to be obtained by means of Gnosis, which is enlightenment through the Divine Light. In all, the material world, especially the body, is regarded as an evil from which the soul, which naturally belongs to the spiritual world, seeks to escape. In most of the Gnostic systems is found the belief in destiny, which controls human actions, but also the conviction that the soul which has been purified, in which the spiritual element has obtained the victory over the material, can be set free from the Law of Necessity and be reunited with the Light whence it came forth. In most Gnostic systems purification through Gnosis is obtained by the practice of asceticism.

The chief exposition of pre-Christian Gnosticism is to be found in the Hermetic Writings, which contain teachings traditionally ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, believed to be derived from the books of Thoth (=Hermes ), the messenger of the Egyptian gods, but the *Writings*, as they now exist, belong to the second and third centuries of the Christian era. They were compiled in Egypt by thinkers who had made a study of Greek philosophy, especially of Platonism, men such as Ammonius Saccus[1] and others, who had gathered disciples round them. These

[1] *Cf.* THE ARYAN PATH, May 1936, pp. 206 ff.

writings include records of their discussions. As both Pythagoras and Plato had studied in Egypt, these thinkers held that they must have derived some of their knowledge from ancient Egyptian literature, and hence the name given to these writings.

The Hermetic books teach that God is Light and Mind,[1] a Light consisting of innumerable Powers which have formed an ordered but infinite world, the archetypal form, which was prior to the beginning of existent things. This First Intelligence, which is Life and Light, produces a Creator, God in action. God is therefore the Source of all that exists, mind and matter and nature alike, and He manifests His wisdom in all things that are working His will through Nature, whose task is the extinction and the renewal of all material things. God is invisible, yet manifest in His works; without form, yet embodied in all forms.

> There is nothing that is not He, for all things that exist are even He.... Thou art Mind, in that Thou thinkest, and Father, in that Thou Createst: and God, in that Thou workest, and Good, in that Thou makest all things.[2]

God is the Sole Source of all, encompassing all and uniting all things together. He is therefore co-existent with existence, things material and things immaterial, intelligibles and objects of sense perception alike. "There is nothing in which God is not."[3] He is the Good and the Good is God. The evil and the defilement found in the world are not to be attributed to God but arise in the making of things, "just as rust forms on a metal or dirt collects on a man's body."[4]

The human soul, the *Writings* teach, is Divine, like unto God Himself, but man is both mortal and immortal: mortal in respect of his body and therein subject to Destiny, but also immortal because of the Divinity within and, being immortal, he has all things ultimately in his power. It is because of carnal desire that souls are attached to mortal bodies, and man suffers death. Those who are led astray by desire, and cleave to what is sensual, will continue to wander in the darkness of this material world and to suffer death. Persisting in evil, such souls are dragged back again to human bodies. This is an inescapable law.

> Nothing, whether good or bad, affecting the body, can come to pass apart from Destiny, but it is destined also that he who has done evil shall suffer evil.[5]

In order to attain salvation, man must free himself from the fetters of the body, which is the sphere of darkness, ignorance, corruption,

[1] *Cf.* Plotinus and his teaching on the Universal Mind.
[2] *Hermetic Books*, IV.
[3] *Ibid.*, Bk. XI.
[4] *Ibid.*, Bk. XIX.
[5] *Ibid.*, Bk. XII.

desire, passion, suffering and all things evil, which holds down the soul and prevents it from looking upward and beholding the beauty of Reality and the Good. Hermes asks men why they give themselves up to death when they might partake of immortality and appeals to them to repent, to free themselves from error, ignorance and darkness, and, forsaking corruption, to lay hold on light and immortality.[1]

It is through Gnosis, the knowledge of God and of the Divinity within itself, that the soul can return to its Source. The road thereto is easy, for God will show Himself to the soul that seeks Him, and will be near at all times to His lover, whether he wakes or sleeps, by night and by day, whether he speaks or is silent.[2] Striving through contemplation and a holy life to attain to knowledge of God and the knowledge that it is, itself, one with Life and Light, the soul learns what is the Real and the Good and henceforth cannot fall away to what is evil and unreal. It lives its life aright and such a soul is adorned with knowledge, joy, self-control, endurance, unselfishness and truth. Such souls, in their final incarnation, are as kings and gods, differing in nothing from the immortals save in being still embodied upon earth. They are now beyond the power of Destiny, for they find no joy in human happiness. They hold pleasure in subjection, and cannot be harmed by any ills that Fate inflicts. The soul of such as these is looking forever upon the incorruptible Beauty of God and, having that Vision before it, can see nothing else and speak of nothing else, so that Divine Beauty or Light draws the soul up to Itself. The soul leaves the body for ever and is changed from the corruptible into incorruption. It has passed into the world where all is unified and all in harmony,

> for the spell which binds them one to another is Love, the same in all, and by it all are wrought together into one harmonious whole.[3]

The soul has entered into union with the Divine and knows itself to be one with God. "He who has recognised himself enters into the Good, which is God."[4]

One of the most important representatives of early Christian Gnosticism was Basilides of Alexandria, who lived during the first half of the second century. He was probably a Hellenised Egyptian, with an inclination towards Oriental thought and ideas. In Alexandria, in his time, he would have found representatives of many nations and schools of thought, not only Greeks, Italians and Syrians, but Ethiopians and Arabs, Scythians and Persians, and also Indian Buddhists. Syro-Babylonian and Jewish religious doctrines, as well as those of

[1] *Ibid.*, Bk. VIII.
[2] *Ibid.*, Bk. I.
[3] *Ibid.*, Bk. I.
[4] *Ibid.*, Bk. XVII.

Zoroastrianism, Mithraism and Hellenism, all had their effect upon the Gnostic systems which developed at this time.

Basilides' idea of God is an abstract and negative conception. God, he maintains, is unknowable, and not even the fact of existence can be asserted in relation to Him, for this would limit His absoluteness. The world is co-eternal with Him, and it is thought of under two aspects, as an ideal, containing within it the possibility of all life, and also as a concrete thing, in which potentiality has been brought to actuality, which manifests forth all the manifold forms of being which are to be found within the universe. Basilides divides existence into five spheres: the Highest, that of God Absolute; the second, that of the Holy Spirit; the third, that of the Great Archon; the fourth; that of the Lesser Archon; the fifth, that of earth, the sphere of matter.

The Rational Soul belongs naturally to the spiritual world and in its pristine state was pure, but the light has been mingled with darkness; it has become corrupted and hindered by the passions, which Basilides calls "appendages," evil spirits which cling about the soul and delude it, degrading its desires to the level of those of lower natures, so that man becomes lustful and callous. Basilides is convinced of the universality of suffering. "Pain and fear," he says, "are as inherent in human affairs as rust is in iron," and he assumes that all suffering is the result of sin, whether actually committed in this life or in an earlier life, or an inherited tendency to sin. The only sins which can be forgiven, he believes, are those committed unconsciously or through ignorance; every deliberate sin will bear its fruit in a future life. He found this view necessary in order to vindicate the Divine righteousness and to save himself from the admission that God could have been responsible for an evil world. Even the martyrs and the righteous suffer for their sins, though they may not be aware of them and may have committed none in their present life. This law of transmigration governs all things: every act bears its fruit, and the consequence of every act in any life must be endured in the following rebirth. For the sins of a previous life the soul must endure retribution in its present life and be purified by suffering: the elect suffer for sins committed before this present incarnation, and are purified through martyrdom, but they will hereafter reap the reward of their righteousness in their present life. Man's will, Basilides teaches, is free but the consequences of action are inevitable and man's destiny is predetermined.

It is the freedom of man's will which holds out the possibility of salvation, and salvation means separation from the evil which has attached itself to the good, *i. e.*, to the Rational Soul. It is for man, Basilides holds, to rise superior to the passions which beset him, by virtue of his rationality, and so to

triumph over his baser nature. If a man strives continually to obtain good, he will obtain it. Yet, on the other hand, Basilides appears to think that only the elect are saved; the rest of mankind will be for ever bound to the everlasting cycle of causation and rebirth. This view was perhaps the result of his desire to reconcile the fact of the universality of suffering with the righteousness of God displayed towards man. But he is not altogether consistent here, for he also asserts that everything ascends and nothing descends, that all things are moving from below upwards, from the worse to the better. He also looks forward to a time of redemption, when God will bring restitution on all things, a time when the soul of the true Gnostic, purified at last from all defilements and all that fettered it, will ascend to the Eternal Silence, the realm of the Divine Light of lights.

The ethical teaching of Basilides is summed up in the law of Love, to God and to one's neighbour. Men should be like God, he says, in their love for one another and in their freedom from hatred and desire. Kindness and compassion towards others are characteristic of his teaching. It is to be noted that the spiritually pure, instead of hastening towards their own salvation, are content to linger upon earth for the sake of teaching and training those who are still unpurified. The teaching of Basilides attracted many followers; Basilidean Gnostics were to be found in Syria, in Egypt and in Europe as late as the fourteenth century.

Another sect of Gnostics who appear to have accepted the doctrine of reincarnation were the Manichæans, the followers of Mānī, said to have lived in the third century, whose teachings include elements drawn from Zoroastrian, Muslim and Western and Oriental Christian sources, which resulted in what has been called a Christianised Zoroastrianism. Mānī taught that corruption was the result of darkness and that the admixture of light and darkness was the cause of the material world, which offered to the soul a means of returning to the Light. Manichæans were divided into the inner circle of the Elect, and the common folk or Hearers. They worshipped God as Light, Wisdom and Power. They taught that purification included the renunciation of evil thoughts, words and deeds, as well as abstention from the eating of flesh. The Elect, who were purified, would pass after death straight into the Presence of God, but the Hearers would need to pass through many rebirths in order to attain to purification and so to become of the number of the Elect. A final conflagration, they believed, consuming all evil, would mean the Redemption of the Light and its triumph over darkness.

These Gnostic systems, therefore, found the doctrine of reincarnation a necessary part of their doctrine of God and the human soul and the relation between the two.

MARGARET SMITH

*Bibliography*: *The Hermetic Books*, edited by W. SCOTT; *The System of Basilides*. By J. KENNEDY. *Jour. R. A. S.*, 1902; *Literary History of Persia*, I, pp. 154 ff. By E. G. BROWNE.

# WANTED—A NEW GITA

[**Mr. S. K. George** formulates here a difficulty which he shares with many a modern but which requires for its solution not "a new *Gita*" but a new approach to the old one. Surely, if we find a spiritual teacher advocating violence and, in the next breath, like all his Predecessors and the great Teachers who have followed him, extolling Ahimsa and freedom from enmity, proclaiming the One Self presiding in the hearts of all, the primary meaning is plain that the conflict to which he urges his disciple is symbolical, that the violence to be offered is less to outside enemies than to the lower tendencies within, which every Arjuna finds ranged against him when he undertakes the Holy War for the regaining of his kingdom. His allies are his higher faculties and powers. In the interpretation of the *Gita* as of every scripture, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." And yet, no spiritual teacher has ever advocated cowardice or supine acquiescence in evil. No one could justify the wanton bombing of defenceless civilians as in the present war, and yet, sometimes the money-changers do have to be driven out of the temple. What is the very Nishkama Karma which Mr. George appreciates in the *Gita* but action performed as duty without concern for its fruits ?—ED. ]

I venture to write on a problem that has perplexed me regarding the *Bhagavad Gita*, seeking enlightenment from those who have made a deeper study of the sacred book. I write as a non-Hindu who has tried reverently to understand scriptures other than his own, but who has sought to bring the same critical attitude to bear on those scriptures that he has on those of his own religion. Apart from the particular issue raised with regard to the *Gita*, I would like this article to be regarded as a plea for historical realism in the understanding of all scriptures.

We go to ancient scriptures to find answers for our modern problems. But when we go to them we ought not to seek somehow to wrest answers from them to suit our needs. The *Gita* itself condemns those who seek to find texts to suit their occasions.

> . . . Like as when a tank pours water forth
> To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw
> Text for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.[1]

We ought rather to understand the problems these ancient texts were faced with and the answers they gave to them in the light of their historical setting. For, however inspired those texts are, they were written at specific times and dealt with specific issues that were vital in those days. It is true that to the extent that they looked at these problems in the light of eternal principles they still have messages for us. I find that eternal wisdom

[1] EDWIN ARNOLD : *The Song Celestial.*

of the *Gita* in its doctrine of Nishkama Karma, its ideal of detachment.

But in spite of all my appreciation of the *Gita*, I do not feel that the *Gita* was concerned with the problem that is crucial for us today—the problem of the rightness or otherwise of the use of violence at all in the arbitrament of individual and national disputes. The *Gita*, as I understand it, takes the legitimacy of war for granted. Both Arjuna and Shri Krishna proceed on the assumption that war is a normal process, that it is the duty of the Kshatriya to fight. Only Arjuna is overcome by considerations of pity for the kith and kin whom duty compels him to slay. If at all there is aversion to, and a questioning of the method of, war it is of civil war—not of war as such.

And Shri Krishna fully shares that attitude to war—in fact bases his answer on that sense of duty that Arjuna feels. Of course, in the conflict between sentiment and duty, duty should certainly prevail. But incidentally I would remark that the appeal to loss of reputation is not on a particularly high plane. A good name is the last thing a man of conviction cares for, even when the conviction is based on nothing more than sentiment.

The main appeal is definitely to the sense of duty, the principle of Swadharma, accepted without question by Arjuna himself, the consciousness that it is his duty as a Kshatriya to fight for the preservation of order and good government. But is not that very conception questioned and perhaps abandoned by modern thought? And that on two grounds. First, that the rigid classification of men into different classes or castes, whether on the principle of heredity or on that of dominant qualities, is no longer held to be unalterably valid. Not that such distinctions and tendencies do not exist; but that they are not irremediable. Both religion and education based on modern psychology seek to correct and to reform such tendencies and to make people conform to certain accepted ideals. The Buddha, for example, addressed his teaching of love not only to the sattvic but to all men, in the belief that sattvic elements are present in all men. So too with Jesus. And Gandhiji today refuses to despair even of Hitler, confident of finding some element of good lurking even in him. And the instances in which these saviours of mankind have redeemed and remade people who would ordinarily be condemned as tamasaic and beyond redemption go to show that any rigid classification is wide of the mark. Modern education, based on sound psychology, also aims at the correction of inherited qualities towards the attainment of a higher level.

Further, even Hindu thought, in spite of its apparent acquiescence in the varied levels of man's spiritual evolution, holds out certain things as desirable for all and would fain impose certain things on all. Vege-

tarianism, for example, it would hold as right not only for the sattvic, but as desirable for all; and would like to put a ban on cow-slaughter. How much more should it feel it a duty to impose a ban on the far more heinous crime of manslaughter, practised in modern warfare !

The second argument I would press for rethinking the whole of the *Gita* teaching on the subject is this. War may have been a good thing, a necessary thing, in certain stages of man's evolutionary career. But war is definitely no longer such under modern conditions. It has long since ceased to be a conflict between trained combatants on either side, between Kshatriyas or Knights-errant, but involves today total destruction of whole populations. It is seen to be what it is, a mad folly, a preventable calamity. Can any one imagine a religious teacher today, much less an incarnate God, telling a bomber poised up in the clouds, about to rain destruction on the helpless people below, to do his duty as a trained bomber, regardless of consequences, because those helpless victims are not really slain, and that he is only an instrument to send them hurrying into the open jaws of God himself? No, we have gone beyond the sense of duty, the morality, implied in the *Gita* teaching on this subject; and religious insight today must speak in the light of that larger conception, that greater sense of human responsibility that we have arrived at. We need a new *Gita* today.

S. K. GEORGE

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# THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

Thomas Mann brings out in " How to Win the Peace, " translated in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, how the developments of our day have brought home, as perhaps never before, the inter-meshing of all spheres of life, have made it apparent that to draw a sharp line of demarcation between spirit and life, between philosophy and art on the one hand and political reality on the other was a fatal mistake. " You cannot today—if it was ever possible, " the exiled German thinker declares, " properly separate the sphere of art, culture and spirit from the sphere of politics. " No more can you do so, in fact, than principles can ever be separated from living without resulting hypocrisy in attitude and futility in action.

> We are really living in a totalitarian world today, from a spiritual point of view,—in which evertybing is interconnected, the smallest and the greatest....The specific experience of our time is the unity of the world, the totality of all things human.

The unity, of course, has always existed, but men are perhaps readier now to agree with Herr Mann that the present war is a civil war. Narrow nationalism is out of date.

> Even the term Europe is already a provincialism today. The concept of the kingdom of the earth, the city of man, has been born and will not rest until it has assumed reality.

# PANDITARAYA—A POET-CUM-CRITIC OF SOUTH INDIA

[As a research scholar, **Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao** of Madras Christian College at Tambaram is concerned with history rather than with tradition and so he fails to mention that the subject of his article, the South Indian poet Panditaraya, is alleged to have won not only a title from the Mogul Ruler Shah Jehan but also a royal bride. The tradition, if true, throws an interesting light on Hindu-Muslim relations in seventeenth-century India.—ED.]

South India acclaims with pride her unique contribution to the Vedantic schools of philosophy; not less unique is her proud record among the connoisseurs of other branches of learning, notably in the field of poetics. Dandin, Bhoja, Vidyanatha and Jagannatha Panditaraya are as much honoured in the Alamkarika circles as the Kashmirian Anandavardhana, Mammata and others.

Alone among the countries of the world, India enjoys the peculiar privilege of combining in one and the same person the two distinct types of genius, the creative and the critical. Valmiki was also the father of the science and the art of æsthetics. His pathos garbed itself in poetry, a sweetest song chronicling saddest thought. Kalidasa, Bana and Magha have also indirectly hinted at some critical theories in their kavyas. Conversely, almost every critic of note cites usually his own example in verse. Anandavardhana, the greatest critic, wrote some fine lyrics. Bhoja wrote the *Champuramayana*. Panditaraya, the crown of all Alamkara writers, composed some fine emotional lyrics. Matthew Arnold is perhaps the only possible approach in English literature to such a unique combination, but, as a creative artist, he does not rank very high.

Panditaraya was a versatile genius and had mastered all the Sastras. Besides his lyrics and his critical work the *Rasagangadhara*, he wrote the *Proudhamanorama Kucha Mardana*, a demolishing critique on the *Proudha Manorama*, a highly learned commentary on his own *Siddhanta Kaumudi* by Bhattoji Diksita. He had therefore mastered grammar. The first verse of his *Bhamini Vilasa* suggests that all dialecticians fled away in terror before him, suggesting that he had mastered the *Nyaya Sastra* also. He was at home in the Vedanta too. Tradition also records that he even studied the Muslim scriptures and defeated the Kazis on their own ground. It was no wonder, then, that even the Dilleeshvara, Shah Jehan (1628-1658 A. D.) honoured him with the title Panditaraya.

Another striking feature that must attract our attention is the essen-

tially moral atmosphere that pervades his lyrics. Many Alamkarika works teem with immoral verses, but with this poet morality is the declared objective. His *Sringara Vilasa* might be compared with Bhartrihari's *Sringara Shataka* or with Hala's *Saptashati* to prove this. Verse 101, recording a conversation between a married woman and a pining traveller, would illustrate this point. "O slender lady, why are you so lean?" The woman's answer is curt, "Why meddle with other's affairs?" Even though repulsed, the traveller persists, "Pray tell, if only to satisfy my curiosity." But the advice is summarily given, "Go and ask your wife" (who must also be pining similarly). Hala, the author of the *Saptashati* might have easily created an opportunity for the heroine to misbehave. Jagannatha's verses have not lost in any way their lyrical fervour thereby.

Tradition may say that he lived with a Muslim woman in Delhi. But it also does justice to him by declaring that he married her. His unpopularity among his contemporaries might have been the result of such heterodox conduct. The Pandits might excommunicate him even to the point of forbidding him to touch the Ganga waters, but they could not prevent him from being washed by Ganga herself on her hearing his devotional *Gangalahari*.

Kalidasa as a critic has supplied us with the definition of a lyric in his *Meghaduta*. It must be *utkanthaavirachitapada* or the words in it should be composed by the poet's *utkantha* or emotion. *Utkantha* or emotion must take the pen and write out his poetry.

Matthew Arnold also passed a similar judgment on Wordsworth's lyrics when he said, "Nature took the pen out of Wordsworth's hands and wrote out his poetry for him." Nature, or *Utkantha*, it is immaterial; proper attunement with Nature produces the *utkantha* steeped in which poetry spontaneously gushes forth. Are not Panditaraya's lyrics steeped in *utkantha*? Is not his *Karuna Vilasa* the heart-felt lament of the fond husband from whom his wife and son have been snatched away? Will not anybody be moved on reading the fifth verse?

She could not, on the marriage day, ascend even a small piece of stone called *Gaureepratishtha* (believed to bless the couple with undying love of Gauree). How could she ascend to heaven without anybody's help?

This *Karuna Vilasa* positively declares that it was her love which inspired him to write poetry. Could we not say that it was designed as an artistic Taj Mahal to commemorate her? His protest against worldly inequities, again, in *Santa Vilasa* proceeds from the depths of his heart.

Prosperity reigns in the houses of the mean, while loud cries emanate from the houses of the learned. Alas! destruction awaits the good, whereas those treading wicked paths flourish for

a full century. I may fume and fret, but am powerless, whilst thou, O Lord, art all-powerful.

Is he not, again, expressing a profound truth when he advises the good man not to cultivate many good virtues in Verse 98 of his *Prastavika Vilasa*—those amiable virtues serve as daily food to Kali and we may become the victims of her cruelty soon? His profound observation is illustrated in his *Santa Vilasa*.

Many are the beautiful birds in this world; among them my strong attachment is to the chataka bird for its appearance makes me think of the cloud which reminds me in its turn of Lord Sri Krishna's colour.

The cloud inspires him to some of his best poetry. That his sympathies were ever with the needy and the destitute emerges from his remark in the *Prastavika Vilasa*—"Better to be born as a small pond by the wayside rather than aspire to be the useless expanse, the sea!"

Why he should have named his books as he has done deserves to be speculated upon. Being steeped in the Alamkarika tradition, he could not but give names involving some figure of speech. The *laharis* or waves are euphemistically so many moving streams leading us to the ocean of mercy, the Lord. They continue the tradition of Sri Shankara's *Soundaryalahari*. As regards the name *Bhamini Vilasa* which has been misunderstood as the immoral amorous sports of women, the name involves a metaphor. Kavya herself is the *Bhamini* and he seems to suggest the proper method of drawing out all these vilasas. The title *Rasagangadhara* is difficult to explain: it has two elements; Rasa seems to refer to the Upanishadic identification of Rasa with God. Ganga represents His female counterpart. Thus the Ardhanareeshvara concept so highly extolled by Kalidasa as the crowning culmination of his æsthetic and moral ideals, is visualised by Jagannatha. There is the suggestion that every Kavya should be a fountain of Rasa.

Some of his especial contributions to literary criticism deserve to be noted. His section on the relative importance of *Pratibha* or poetic genius and *Vyutpatti* or literary attainments is a masterly survey of all the important theories held so far and his view is practically the same as that of Dandin. His definition of Kavya as *ramaneeyaarthapratipaadaka shabda* is the simplest in the realm of poetics.

His elevation of the *Guneebhuta Vyangya* classed as madhyama Kavya to its rightful place as the uttama Kavya is a just but rather belated recognition of its importance. Orthodox critics had underrated the appeal of charming verses like

The twilight is ruddy (also, in love): the day is just in front (reciprocating); but alas! mysterious is the working of destiny—union is denied to them.

Their simple ground for assigning this lower class was that the last clause made the suggested sense too plain. But the appeal was irresistible

and by the side of the orthodox example, the injustice was too patent. Rendered into English, the other verse would be :—

Three types of men reap the golden-flowered harvest of the earth, the brave, the learned and those that know how to serve loyally.

The suggested sense may be properly veiled here, but poetic justice recognises the superiority of the exquisite charm in the first verse and it was reserved for Jagannatha alone to stand up boldly and protest against this gross injustice.

Anandavardhana, Abhinavagupta and Mammata constitute a trio almost as revered in Alamkarika circles as the Munitraya in the field of grammar. It is indeed a matter for gratification for every South Indian that Jagannatha, one of them, had the rare good fortune to outwit these sage authorities in their own field and to receive the highest meed of recognition, the title Panditaraya, at the hands of the greatest political monarch of the time, despite the fact that the latter hailed from a different faith and culture.

U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO

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"I believe in the primacy of Man above the individual and of the universal above the particular.

"I believe that the cult of the universal exalts and heightens our particular riches, and founds the sole veritable order, which is the order of life. A tree is an object of order, despite the diversity of its roots and branches.

"I believe that the cult of the particular is the cult of death, for it founds its order upon likeness. It mistakes identity of parts for unity of Being. It destroys the cathedral in order to line up the stones. Therefore I shall fight against all those who strive to impose a particular way of life upon other ways of life, a particular people upon other peoples, a particular race upon other races, a particular system of thought upon other systems of thought.

"I believe that the primacy of Man founds the only equality and the only liberty that possess significance. I believe in the equality of the rights of Man inherent in every man. I believe that liberty signifies the ascension of Man. Equality is not identity. Liberty is not the exaltation of the individual against Man. I shall fight against all those who seek to subject the liberty of Man either to an individual or to the mass of individuals.

"I believe that what my civilization calls charity is the sacrifice granted Man for the purpose of his own fulfilment. Charity is the gift made to Man present in the insignificance of the individual. It creates Man. I shall fight against all those who, maintaining that my charity pays homage to mediocrity, would destroy Man and thus imprison the individual in an irredeemable mediocrity.

"I shall fight for Man. Against Man's enemies—but against myself as well." —"Credo" from *Wind, Sand and Stars* by ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPERY quoted in *The New York Times Book Review*.

# JESUS CHRIST

## GLIMPSES OF HIS LIFE AND MISSION

[This is the seventh of the series by **Ernest V. Hayes** which presents the Prophet of Nazareth as an Adept of the Good Law.—Ed.]

### VII.—HIS MARTYRDOM

"Built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented..." Those grave, beautiful words rise to the mind as one approaches the final scenes of the earthly life of Jesus in Palestine. During the last years of his public life, he had been forced into open hostility to the priestcraft and the materialism of his day. (The two generally run side by side, seeking to divide the world between them.) This antagonism was not of his seeking. He had declared that he had no wish to destroy the Law and the Prophets. He had worshipped in the synagogues and had visited the Temple at Jerusalem, though, owing to his clear Essene sympathies, he had taken no part in the blood-smeared sacrifices. He had sent a man whom he had healed to show himself to the priest and to carry out the ritual for the cleansing of a leper. He had declared his intention to keep to his own people, proposing to make a re-spiritualised Hebrew Race the inner heart of the West, as India is of Asia. He observed the Passover and in a broad way kept the Sabbath Day as holy. All that was useless, stifling and superstitious in these things would pass away as men entered the radiance of the Kingdom of God. He offered quiet and reasoned excuses for his deviations from strict customs hallowed by time into divine ordinances. There was no need to hurry simple hearts or to anger rigidly pious minds.

But his enemies would not allow matters to drift on in a way that to them must have seemed unsatisfactory and full of danger. His enemies were chiefly priests—as they are now. They were more concerned about discomfiting and silencing a rival than about searching for Truth, for Truth is a fierce sun and the fog of priestcraft does not long endure before it. They sought to humiliate him, to entangle him in his ideas and to tempt him into some indiscretion. They failed. There was only one other way open to them. They must silence him by death; scatter the band of enthusiasts he had gathered together; destroy their faith in him by the obliterating finger of a cruel martyrdom.

Jerusalem was to the Jew as Benares is to the Hindu. Its inhabitants were daily moved by religious fervours and ceremonies of

sacrifice both dark and magnificent. There would be a small stationary number of inhabitants, living on religion as a profitable business, much as one finds today at Lourdes; there would be a far greater number coming and going, pilgrims seeking for God, travelling long distances under conditions of peril and severity to find what they could easily have found on their own door-step. The crowd would never be the same, month by month. And the words used symbolically of the soul's unrest in material bondage—"Here we have no continuing city"—may have been suggested to the writer as he watched the daily scenes in the holy city; holy then to one faith, reverenced now by three.

The story of Jesus escorted into the city by a crowd strewing branches and garments across his path, and the story of the fierce mob that clamoured for his blood a few days later, have been used as an illustration of the fickleness of crowds. There is no reason to suppose that the men and women who led him in triumph through Jerusalem, alarming the priests, composed the mob that howled against him within the same week. And we may rid ourselves of that accusation against the Jewish people that, as a race, they brought about the death of Jesus. Crowds rarely have represented a nation; they have represented factions and sects. It was a band of religious gangsters that hurried Jesus to his death, urged on by the priests, while the respectable and the gentle hid away, fearful for themselves if they interfered and possibly deeply sorry for the unfortunate Teacher.

The Initiate "saves others; himself he cannot save." It has been supposed that when the priests said this of Jesus, they were mocking. It is more likely that they knew enough of Initiation to know that they were taking advantage of a law which no Initiate of the White Road may disobey. Recognising their victim as an Initiate, they sincerely believed he had broken the rules and obligations of the Occult Brotherhood.

It is here that we come upon one of the most difficult parts of the Gospel narratives as related by four distinct writers. Earlier in the Gospel of John there is some talk of a stoning, and there are traditions that affirm that Jesus met his end by that method of Jewish punishment for the blasphemer. And the story of the alleged trial, torture and final crucifixion of Jesus, though told unanimously by the four Evangelists, is not easy to accept as related. We can summarise the account given in the Fourth Gospel. Jesus was taken before one of the high priests, Annas. It is clear from this that the proposed charges against Jesus were of religious delinquency—blasphemy and perhaps false use of magic. The high priest questioned him "as to his doctrine." He was then sent to another high priest, Caiaphas, son-in-law to Annas. This one little touch of the relationship

between the two priests indicates that up to this point, at least, we are dealing with "history." There is no charge made of a political character; he is a heretic and a blasphemer. This is the view-point presented by Jewish stories about Jesus. In the Toldoth Jeschu stories, he is a deceiver, a blasphemer, a false magician.

Now we leave history altogether. Jesus is taken before the Roman Procurator, whose name is given as Pontius Pilate. Pilate says: "Take him and judge him according to your law." The accusations must have been of a religious character for a Roman Governor to say that. No Roman official would have dared hand back a man charged with an offence against the Imperial authority. The Jews are reported as saying: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." But that they claimed and used the power to put men to death for religious offences is clear from "The Acts of the Apostles," where it is related that Stephen and others were stoned to death for the faith of Jesus. "I find no fault in him at all," says Pilate. Then he causes him to be scourged. Again he declares he finds no fault in him. He repeats this a third time, and then hands him over to be crucified. And this wholly incredible narrative tells of Pilate washing his hands, repudiating any consent in the man's death and of how the Jews replied: "His blood be upon us and our children." That men, fanatically believing Jesus had blasphemed against their sacred laws and taboos, would make this remark is just one unbelievable thing among many in the Crucifixion story. We are no longer in the realm of history, even of history perverted. We are not, as some have thought, in the realm of sheer drama, allegorically telling a tale. We have stumbled across some shreds of initiation stories that have crept out of the Mysteries and been muddled up with physical plane happenings; themselves on another plane altogether.

There is little doubt that Jesus died a martyr's death. The Jewish legends about him admit this. It was an unpleasant way the ancient peoples had and that the European peoples have intensively imitated: "Ye build the sepulchres of the Prophets and your fathers killed them." Perhaps those words were uttered as Jesus faced the horrors of his death. There is an account given in the tenth chapter of John's Gospel: "Then the Jews took up stones to stone him." Jesus said unto them: "Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?"

The Jews answered: "For a good work, we stone thee not, but for blasphemy, and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God."

Jesus said unto them: "Is it not written in your law...Ye are Gods?"

The story is made to say that Jesus escaped out of the hands of

the stoners, possibly to fit in with the later narrative of a Crucifixion. He would be bound to a tree, most probably. And the terrible punishment for the blasphemer, ordered by their God, as they believed, would so be carried out. It was not then that Jesus cried out: "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!" to which the erroneous translation has been attached: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He had declared that he and the Father were one; how could he be forsaken by That which was the very essence of his being? It was in Initiation that he used the words, meaning: "My God, how hast thou fulfilled thy work in me—how hast thou glorified me!" So linking naturally to that cry of his in John's Gospel: "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and now, O Father, glorify me with Thine own Self." The key-note of the life of Jesus, as of every Adept, for all its difficulties, was a joyful exclamation, not a despairing note of query.

ERNEST V. HAYES

## REVELATION AND INTUITION

The problem of universals is not merely of academic importance, as Mr. Robert Leet Patterson shows in his article on "Universals and the Philosophy of Religion" (*The Review of Religion*, November 1941), because our attitude to it "must affect profoundly our views both of the nature of knowledge and of the character of that which is known." And he finds his inquiry further justified by "the wide-spread and ever-growing conviction that the present peril to our civilisation is due primarily to a breakdown of the spiritual life." He brings out the fundamental antithesis between the belief in a once-for-all divine revelation linked to a particular historical event, which characterises most theological orthodoxies, and the universal, philosophical, mystical type of religion which claims no uniqueness and whose principles hold good universally, irrespective of place, time or teacher. Religions like Jainism and primitive Buddhism substitute intuition for revelation, rejecting the notion of divine agency, basing themselves on the "supernormal, but not superhuman, insight of the advanced contemplative ....a direct awareness falling under the native powers of the intellect."

Mr. Patterson maintains an admirable detachment in presenting conflicting views but he makes out the most plausible case for the realist. If universals are cognisable it can only be by non-perceptual intuition. For the possibilities of induction are definitely limited. Only a part of the universe being empirically known and the proportion which it represents of the whole being quite unknown, conclusions of the whole based on experience of the part are valueless. "Some universals, such as moral qualities, never characterise sensible objects." We are in touch not only with "a sensible but also with an intelligible world." There is, he writes, no mystery about the origin of *a priori* knowledge "except in so far as all knowing is mysterious."

# NEW BOOKS AND OLD

## WE HAVE SO MUCH TO GIVE EACH OTHER *

A peculiar interest attaches to a good book written by a man (or woman) whose job is other than writing. Ian Black, author of *A Friend of France*, is a business man; this is his first published work. No one sensitive could fail to be impressed and charmed by it. The standard of values in it is that of an idealist, a realist, a deeply-civilised human being. I should imagine it rare for a person of Mr. Black's mercantile and financial *entourage* to have kept himself so little affected by it. How has this been achieved? In part, clearly, by something he was born with: character. In part by something that happened to him: France.

At just the right age, that magnetic, faulty, peerless country captured him. It is possible, of course, to be captured by France without going there physically. But if you do go there physically, and if you are of the right age (in years or in development), and of a certain cast of mind, then you are captured for always; cannot throw off the spell, cease to hunger, to plot your return, cease, when shut out, to dream.

Certainly Ian Black has remained captured. From the first, his emotion was a remarkably complete one: it included understanding of aspects of French national life usually ignored; was not æsthetic merely; not a holiday emotion; was clear-eyed, while tender. Indeed, this friend-lover would have been happy to knot up his existence permanently with France; this not being possible, he worked on in London, using all opportunities—and his own business afforded him many—to fly there like a bird.

His book is autobiography, but not of the usual type. Private events bulk small in it. You could call it a commentary on current affairs; a long discursive essay; a sort of diary without dates—the period covered being the inter-war years and the first year of World War II. It is concerned with public figures, their good or baleful influence on Europe, with political groupings, economic remedies, the theatre, art movements; above all, with the entity France. That is the jumping-off ground for the author's reflections; that is where he returns after *détours*; that is the *raison d'être* of his strictures on official England. In his view, official England was inimical to his love France. That official France was also inimical to France, during the inter-war years, he allows. But to a less degree, because less powerful. *And not all the time*, at certain dates only. And in any case (it is implied), decency demands that we deal first with the beam in our own eye.

Therefore, soberly but with clarity and vigour, this British business man—who was just too young to be involved in World War I—proceeds to put certain considerations before other British business men: before the

* *A Friend of France*. By Ian E. Black. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 10s. 6d.)

entrenched and complacent old of all professions. He reminds them that "the aim of government in France was to provide a civilised and cultivated life, but in England to increase our trade." That "the post-war period of financial chaos and fluctuating exchange hit more hardly on the French...."

England refused to co-operate with France, was unwilling to guarantee her frontiers when America had stepped back. Her pursuit of a Balance of Power policy rightly made her distrusted and disliked. Considering that our economics and foreign trades were mutually advantageous, it seemed imbecile to go on losing vast opportunities of collaboration with our late ally.

Mr. Black says truly of the English Tories that they unfailingly backed the least wise, least humane elements in France—that country which on the whole was the one remaining bulwark of progression. He emphasises the rôle of "the gentlemen of the City," the big bankers who work in the dark. But although it is on them and their system that he lays the original responsibility for the world's chaos, he lets off none of the more visible ruling groups: theirs is the responsibility at only one remove. They were in a position to denounce and alter the system; but chose to abide by it.

"We had no men of ability and imagination in the Government at the time of our greatest peril, because we had been unfaithful to our democratic faith."

Alas, yes. And with such a Government, Munich was inevitable. Such a Government naturally preferred to appease the enemy than to disturb the lives of the rich and privileged whom it represented.

Certainly the author blames the French Government, too, for Munich; it couldn't be otherwise, But, again, less harshly than ours; even over this situation; even although, because of their alliance with the Czechs, the French Government, from the letter-of-the-law point of view, outstripped ours in baseness. There was, he contends, just this much excuse: always, in case of war, always it is France who has to bear the barbarian onslaught first. Anglo-Saxondom rallies after a while, sees the thing through, but the immediate shock is on France. Her nerves, her very earth, groaned at the prospect of a third devastation within living memory.

It came, the third devastation—not then, but not much later. And it came, the ultimate betrayal of France. And what does he say of it, our author? Nothing that is not gentle, understanding, compassionate. Nothing that may not serve as warning to *ourselves*.

It is not a case of France's having let England down; or, for that matter, of England's having let France down. Both were let down by the fossilised incompetents, the near-traitors (and full traitors) who held the reins of power —and neglected even the elementary duty of arming us. He pleads the union of our two countries later; reminds us of what we have in common and of our fruitful differences. Urges that together we plan with sanity for the future. We have so much to give each other.

The book is far from being all politics. Throughout are passages—about pictures, buildings, the Ouspensky experiment at Fontainebleau, the *Compagnie des Quinze*, Burgundian villages, Pro-

vençal sunshine, streets in Paris, studio parties in Chelsea—which convey the author's delight in sheer living, and in the varied world.

All Frenchmen over here who are able to read English should get hold of this book. It will warm their hearts, confirm them, if this be needed, in their faith and patriotism. Perhaps also they may be brought by it to realise a little, in the midst of their own exile and desolate anxieties, what thousands of English "friends of France" are feeling in the way of deprivation, because their second country, their other home, is no longer there.

IRENE RATHBONE

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# THE NATURE OF MAN*

[ We published in our April issue an American review of this important book. We print here the reaction to it of the well-known English novelist and thinker, **Mr. J. D. Beresford.**—ED. ]

The science for which Madame Blavatsky so freely expressed her contempt was predominantly that of biology, physics in her day not having emerged into its present phase. The biologist and the physiologist are, it would seem, handicapped from a philosophical point of view by the nature of their study. In their examination of the intricate and elaborate mechanisms that maintain the appearance of life in the physical body, they are confined to the observation of a strict series of proximate causations and interrelations, the former being regarded almost exclusively as sense reflexes. This was the science that begot the philosophy of Behaviourism, since up to a point it seemed to offer sufficient explanation of a very wide range of conduct, although at the last analysis it becomes evident that by their own showing the Behaviourists' arguments and conclusions are themselves only reflexes and can have, therefore, no more validity than those of any other philosophy.

Sir Charles Sherrington, O. M., in the Gifford Lectures for 1937-8, has given us a very full exposition of the biological method. He goes further than the biologists of the last century in his tendency to attribute something that may be called "life" to the inorganic world and, paying deference to modern physics, his major term is referred to as energy rather than matter. These shifts from an earlier mode, however, in no way affect the main deduction that "Nature," empirical in its methods, unforeseeing and non-moral, is alone responsible for the phenomena of evolution. This assumed sponsor of biological movement ("progress" is too tendential a word in this connection ) is presented very clearly to us through her activities, such as, to take a single instance, the life history of the parasite responsible for malaria, a simple organism that motivated by its "zest for life" is responsible in India alone for the deaths of more than a million human beings every year. In fact we see "Nature" throughout as

* *Man on his Nature*, By SIR CHARLES SHERRINGTON, O. M. The Gifford Lectures, Edinburgh, 1937-8. ( Macmillan and Co., New York, and Cambridge University Press. 21s.)

careless of any differentiation between lower and higher organisms, her single test of virtue being survival value.

So much for what we have called Sir Charles's major term, energy coupled with the "zest-to-live." His second term is Mind, a disturbing phenomenon that, as he admits, refuses to be classed as energy and for whose liaison with it, he is frankly unable to account, beyond the suggestion that it derives from the activities of the cortex, pictured in this relation as a "trigger organ," which "as bringing about the release or checking of a motor act, brings about a reaction of the mind." Mind, then, germinated "in the primitive animal as an appurtenance to motricity," and we may say of it :—

> Evolution brought it; natural selection sanctioned it; it had survival value. What was it like? Doubtless we have no word which can fit it. Language never had acquaintance with it. Nor has our experience now. Yet from it, we may think, sprang as from one common germ the several types of mental experience which we have; conation, affect, perception and the subconscious which escapes all words because it is subconscious.

One other peculiarly significant comment in this relation must be noted before we make a final comment on Sir Charles's exposition. It is this: "Physiology can even tell us that consciousness wholly lapses when stripped of sense." We wonder on what grounds? We know that the stripping of the two most important senses, sight and hearing, in no way affects consciousness, as witness the mental activity of a Helen Keller. We cannot assume that the loss of two more, taste and smell, would make any difference. There remains then only the sense of touch, feeling, resident in the nerve ends. But we cannot believe that this is the single seat of consciousness, since the almost completely paralysed can still demonstrate that their consciousness is unimpaired. And what does "physiology" have to say about the adept who can leave the physical body completely inert without perceptible breath or heart-beat, or even of those who in deep sleep can carry consciousness into the world beyond the realm of common dreams? The truth is that physiology prefers to ignore these contradictions of its mechanistic assumptions. For physiology, consciousness is only evidenced by the ability to display a physical reflex, a demonstrably inefficient test.

In short, what a hopelessly insufficient explanation of all the most important terms, life, consciousness, mind, is Sir Charles able to give us! He speaks of nature and evolution as the activating causes of all the developments of the physical world, but can tell us nothing about the nature of these abstract forces. If they are inherent in all energy, is their liaison with it any more easy to explain than the liaison of mind with the same medium? Here, too, we find no least reference to those apparent exceptions to the causality of natural laws, which we speak of, however incorrectly, as "miracles." There is, indeed, no place for exceptions of this kind in the observations of the biologist, who, as a man of science, is concerned only with proximate and not with prime causes, and when some reference to the latter is necessitated takes refuge in such incomprehensible abstractions as evolution, an unconscious, unforeseeing and non-moral force that has produced man from the amœba with no discernible purpose.

Sir Charles has devoted his two first chapters to a study of the sixteenth century philosopher-physician Jean Fernel, one of whose works had a very considerable vogue. And throughout all the lectures, Fernel's opinions (he conformed to the religious beliefs of his period) are used as a touchstone by which we may measure the increase of scientific knowledge and the decrease of spiritual beliefs that separate his age from our own. Nevertheless Fernel had an explanation of the world and Sir Charles, in effect, has none; and it may well be that a writer in some future age may quote *Man on his Nature* as an instance of the strange blindness of a man of science in the fourth decade of the twentieth century.

J. D. BERESFORD

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*Thomas Hardy*. By H. W. NEVINSON. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s*.)

It would probably have been too much to expect that even as skilled a writer as H. W. Nevinson should have been able satisfactorily to deal with as large a subject as Hardy and his work in a booklet of sixty-odd pages. Inevitably, as Nevinson himself acknowledged, this little study is inadequate; in some ways it is even perfunctory. For Hardy is not only a large subject but also a profound one. He needs explanation and examination before he can be appreciated by this generation. It is necessary to understand why, and on what grounds, Hardy, who wrote one or two of the finest stories in the English language and but few poems which can compare with the best, deprecated his novel-writing and regarded his poems rather more highly than they deserve; and one requires to know what, if "pessimism" is too superficial a word to describe his philosophic outlook, is the true description of the attitude to life reflected in Hardy's works. Such questions Nevinson answers at least in part, though of necessity in a cursory way, in this booklet whose greatest value lies perhaps in its personal record of Hardy as a man.

That Hardy was a tragedian rather than a "pessimist" there can be little doubt; but he appears to have been unable on the whole to see beyond the bounds of a tragic story. He saw (none more clearly) the dark side of tragic destiny, but he failed to reach the point at which this dark side is given meaning by being turned inside-out to reveal joy. He knew that weeping may endure for a night, but not that joy cometh in the morning; he understood Calvary, but could not compass the Resurrection. It is this double nature of tragedy which is the central experience of the poetic vision and it may be that Hardy's preoccupation with only half the truth excluded him from the ranks of true poets. Nor was the lyric poet's ability to see eternity in a grain of sand very consistently his, consistent though his attempt to be a lyric poet remained. That he was aware of the need for the "moment of vision" cannot be doubted and perhaps his desire to be regarded as a poet sprang rather from his striving to attain it than from an inward knowledge of its attainment. Thus Hardy himself becomes a tragic figure, since tragedy is always the result of an illusory knowledge of the self.

It is true, as Nevinson implied, that

Hardy is little read in these days, but it is perhaps not surprising. His real gift, that of understanding the dark aspect of tragedy, which showed at its best in such novels as *The Return of the Native* and again in *The Dynasts*, does not speak very directly to these days; its true function was to warn the fatness of his own pursy times. We live in the moment of tragedy itself and do not need to be told so; we live in the day in which the illusion of complacent security from the wrath of the Gods is broken, at the point which Othello reached when his belief in Desdemona's faithfulness (a justified belief, but that only adds irony to tragedy) was shattered and her life and his own were shattered with it. What this generation is reaching after is that part of tragedy to which Hardy could not come, the rebirth, through the spiritual death of bitter experience, out of an illusory attitude to life and into a realistic one. There Hardy cannot help us, and thus it is historically right and understandable that we should not turn to him; for in any historical period questioning minds turn by some strange instinct to those writers of the past who can tell them more about themselves than they already know. What Hardy had to say is already reality to us and we must go to men of deeper vision for knowledge of the next step in our souls' evolution.

R. H. WARD

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*John Millington Synge.* By L. A. G. STRONG. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s*.) A new two-shilling P.E.N. volume—which suits Synge very well since he does not lend himself to a lengthy study in spite of the fact that at times he can sit with Shakespeare or even Herman Melville. Mr. Strong handles the job with the kind of modest mastery so typical of him. One quotation:—

"The language of Synge's plays is *not* the language of the peasants insomuch as no peasant talks consistently as Synge's characters talk: it *is* the language of the peasants in that it contains no word or phrase a peasant did not actually use."

Surely the proper word to have emphasised here is *consistently*. And it is going a great deal too far to suggest that Synge never invented, did not frequently invent, phrases which no peasant ever did use or was likely to use.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

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*Masters of Reality*. By UNA ELLIS-FERMOR. (Methuen and Co. Ltd., London. 6*s*.)

Faced with the extreme number and complexity of modern problems, the average man is paralysed. He knows that he ought to do something himself, for it is clear that every man is responsible for the sins of the whole world. But how make a *start*? The answer to that question is provided by the author. For there is an answer. Only one answer, of course, there can never be two right answers, only one—and the author gives it in a book of really great merit. Start with yourself, she says. Agreed, replies the seeker, but having realised that I must make a start with myself I am again baulked by not knowing the point of departure. And it is here that the author gives the perfectly clear answer, showing the only way now open to mankind.

Her theme is as follows. Pre-industrial man, though not perfect, was a reasonable human being, employing his faculties of wonder, awe, reverence, worship—she gives an example from a Wordsworthian peasant. Present-day man—and the author rightly takes an extreme example—has had most of his human and animal faculties so blunted by his mechanised environment that he has deteriorated to so appalling a degree that he is now best employed in exterminating himself. What can he do to be saved? He must call forth his slumbering faculty of imagination and thereby *transform* his world. She gives an example of a modern man doing so—for many modern men do so. Let all men practise this method and they will find themselves changing, and their change will be reflected in an environment again mastered by men.

She emphasises the difficulty of doing this but, what is more important, she makes it quite clear that it is not so terribly difficult, since we all do possess the initial poetic faculty to carry it out. There is no flaw in her argument. It is the old one, but she is far more helpful on the practical side than, say, Keyserling, whose tremendously pregnant phrase "*significance creates the facts*" is her theme throughout. She takes a lead from T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion* and Wordsworth's Imagination as "Reason in her most exalted mood." And having established this method of advance, she exposes the fallacy of supposing that there is any difference in kind between æsthetic and religious experience.

The author does not cry in the wilderness. She is not alone. This is the path we *shall* pursue if—There is an if, there is a snag. The masses are like animals and adapt themselves completely to the circumstances. Hence there is no hope *unless* this becomes one of the main tasks of Education as it should be the main task of the Church.

Finally, one error. The author is inclined to speak of getting back to the quiet vision of the Wordsworthian peasant. This is a confusion. The faculty we must now use was previously never consciously used as a policy. Today we must do a new thing, be a new thing, and a superior thing I think—deliberate and audacious transformers and magicians. I have no space to praise this book, but it is more important than hundreds of pretentious philosophical volumes put together.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

*The Historic Misson of Jesus: A Constructive Re-examination of the Eschatological Teaching of the Synoptic Gospels.* By C. J. CADOUX, M.A., D.Litt., D.D. (Lutterworth Press, London. 21s.)

The publication of Dr. Cadoux's book two and a half years after the outbreak of a total war is fresh assurance that no catastrophe, however destructive, can crush the creative spirit in man. The book is a fine achievement. Though at first sight remote from contemporary issues, wholly irrelevant to the death-grapple of nations, closer examination reveals its theme as startlingly relevant. Jesus found in the gospel of forgiveness the only means of averting the coming war with Rome which did in fact eventually shatter his country. So we, says Dr. Cadoux,

> in the midst of a war on behalf of the decencies of international conduct, can break the vicious circle of ceaseless enmity only by introducing a new spirit and policy which shall more truly reflect the ethic of the Kingdom of God.

Thus the teaching of Jesus is still fundamentally significant; but the peoples have yet to learn how to be worthy of the Kingdom ere it can come. That is Dr. Cadoux's conclusion. His book, refreshingly free of metaphysical presuppositions, is an honest and scholarly examination of the thought of the historic Jesus.

No brief review such as this can do justice to the fulness of his treatment of the vexing problem indicated in the sub-title. Dr. Cadoux, who is Vice-Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, has elsewhere described himself as a liberal evangelical, but, like most of us, he sees the inadequacy of the kind of liberalism which arose out of the first application of modern critical methods to the Gospel sources. All one had to do was to strip away the accretions to see Jesus as he was, a sublime prophet and teacher. The method, a good one as far as it went, erred through over-simplification: as Dr. Cadoux points out, it identified the morally acceptable with the historically true. To determine the historically true is the chief purpose of this book; it means facing some awkward facts—for example, that Jesus' knowledge was conditioned by his education and race, and, more serious, that he uttered predictions concerning the future of the Jewish people and his own rôle as Messiah which were not fulfilled, and, as we think, were incapable of fulfilment.

While rejecting the extreme eschatological theory associated with the name of Albert Schweitzer, Dr. Cadoux accepts the view that Jesus believed himself to be the promised Messiah who should redeem Israel. It is probable that, at the beginning of his ministry, Jesus

> seriously expected to secure the acceptance and loyal obedience of the nation at large and that his ultimate rejection at its hands signified not only the frustration of his efforts but the disappointment of his expectations.

Jesus' final submission to his death, in sorrow and agony, was a voluntary but not a despairing act; he believed he would return to inaugurate the Kingdom of God when all flesh would rise from the dead and each be judged according to his deeds.

It is possible, of course, to adopt a "spiritual" interpretation of Jesus' eschatological utterances and to say they need not be accepted literally; and undoubtedly we are right in allowing for metaphor and imagery; but we are not right, the author insists, in explaining realistic sayings figuratively

in order to defend Jesus' infallibility or in assigning to his words a meaning they would not have conveyed to his hearers.

Yet, whatever Jesus may have believed about future world-events, his ethical teaching stands the test of time, for it derives from a profound spiritual insight and a love for God and Man. It was Jesus' mission to seek and to save the lost for the sake of the coming Kingdom. Losing all, he gained the reverence of mankind.

LESLIE BELTON

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*What Is Hinduism?* By D. S. SARMA, M. A. (Madras Law Journal Press, Mylapore, Madras. Re. 1/8)

The author has attempted to outline, broadly, liberal and non-sectarian Hinduism. After discussing the origin of religion and the divine and human elements in it he devotes two chapters to an examination of the sources of Hinduism—the Sruti and the Smriti—and the Hindu rituals and their function. The metaphysical basis of Hindu ethics, the theory of the Varnasrama Dharma, the Law of Karma and the Law of Grace form the subject of another chapter which is followed by a critical account of the Hindu Sadhanas, Yogic, Tantric and Vedantic.

Hindu philosophy receives detailed attention. The Adwaita system of Shankara, the Saguna and Nirguna conceptions of Brahman, an outline of Vaishnava Theism, together with a comparative study of Shankara's Adwaita with Ramanuja's Visistadwaita, Saiva-siddhanta and finally the Dwaita system of Madhwa with its doctrine of dependent and independent realities, are all placed before the reader in a clear and unbiased exposition.

The concluding chapter summarises the fundamentals of Hinduism. A liberal Hinduism has always insisted that its ultimate authority lies in the spiritual experience of a host of seers, that corresponding to the physical law of causation there is the law of Karma in the moral world, that Karma can be transcended through yoga, that Deity is one though men give it many names and forms and that the life of the individual, the growth of society and the evolution of life in general are only aspects of a greater spiritual purpose running through all manifestation. The author observes that Hinduism " is a synthesis of all types of religious experience. It is a whole and complete view of life."

The book is written in an extremely lucid style and the arrangement as well as the discussion of various topics is as systematic as it is thorough. The scope of the book certainly extends beyond the class room, for which the author says it is intended, and any one interested in Hinduism will find in it a discussion stimulating and unbiased of all that constitutes the Hindu view of life and of all that has made Hinduism one of the great religions of the world.

V. M. INAMDAR

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*The Gesture Language of the Hindu Dance.* By LA MERI. (Columbia University Press, New York. $10.00)

Dancing was a living art in ancient India. Its rank and dignity in Indian civilization is fully reflected in the *Nātyaśāstra* of Bharata, which has continued to exert its influence on Indian life and literature for the last two thousand years. Every art requires contact with life for its growth and expansion. The history of the art of dancing in India reveals the fact that Hindu dancing, though it sprang from the holy Four Vedas, fell into disrepute and its votaries were not always looked upon with favour by the respectable section of the public in later periods of history. In spite of aristocratic patronage the art of dancing ceased to be dynamic in later times.

In recent years much interest has been roused in the history of Indian culture in all its aspects and Hindu dancing has now assumed its former rank and dignity consequent upon the care bestowed upon it by Indian æsthetes and their Western confrères. The Indian artistic renaissance has contributed not a little to the better appreciation of the classic theories upon which Hindu dancing is based. Madame La Meri, the writer of the work before us, is a student of the dance in the fullest sense of the word. She possesses not only theoretical knowledge of dancing but unique ability to perform it in many of its regional and Vedic forms. In the presentation of this work she has opened the door to a new beauty by setting forth the gesture language of the Indian Nāṭya to make its usage comprehensible to the Western layman.

The volume contains a brief Foreword by Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, who is the Bharata of our Indian artistic renaissance and whose never-ending inspiration and idealism have revivified the dead bones of the classic theories of Indian art. The brilliant Introduction by Prof. Henry Zimmer, which follows the Foreword, gives us in bold lines a correct and balanced historical perspective of the art of Hindu dancing.

In her account of the Hindu Nāṭya Madame La Meri deals with its religious background, its legendary history, its characteristic schools and its technique. The description and interpretation in pictures as well as in words of all the single-hand poses is quite complete and their selection as made by the writer and illustrated in the volume is sufficient to acquaint any layman with the gesture language of the Hindu dance. The relation of the Indian dance to Hindu culture has been explained in terms of religion and philosophy with a view to showing the extent to which the dance form has been woven into the life of the people. The volume thus possesses not only academic value but practical utility and deserves a prominent place on the shelves of all lovers of Indian art and culture.

P. K. GODE

# CORRESPONDENCE

## FREUD'S THEORY OF SUBLIMATION

[ **Dr. C. Narayana Menon** of the Benares Hindu University assails in the following communication the position taken by Dr. K. C. Varadachari in his note on "Sublimation and Substitution," which appeared in our February issue. Dr. Menon disclaims a controversial spirit but he believes with us that the clarification of this issue is important.—Ed. ]

Whenever Freud came across any remarkable case in his clinic, he threw out speculations, but he formulated no system of thought, nor did he point out how the meanings of terms underwent changes from time to time. The employment of psychoanalytical terminology is therefore liable to cause confusion unless we clarify the underlying assumptions.

The assumption underlying the theory of sublimation is that the libido or sexual energy is diverted to moral and spiritual channels. The peculiar mark of Freudian thought is the sharp distinction between the energy belonging to the sexual instinct and the energy which is at the base of other instincts. The energy earmarked for sex is supposed to differ qualitatively from the energy available for general purposes. Freud is positive on this point. His main quarrel with Jung is that the latter equates libido with psychical energy. If all activities can have access to the same energy, the Freudian theory, that it is only by passing as a substitute for sex that a spiritual activity can draw upon the libido, becomes gratuitous.

Is the libido earmarked for sex? Freud says that, in the child, ego and sex are undifferentiated: so that it makes no difference whether you call his energy, ego libido or sex libido. It is only when the libido becomes capable of being directed to objects, that it becomes sexual in the ordinary sense of the term. Even at this stage, sexuality is a comprehensive function. All the affections are included in it. Even the desire for self-preservation is sexual. The concept of bisexuality makes the term still more indefinite. A third complicating factor is that the same symbol can stand for different impulses. Since the coveted girl goes to the successful man, erotic dreams are also visions of glory. Life's unsatisfied longings speak the language of sex; the woman that analysis finds at the bottom of everything is not always a woman, she is the master dream, into the texture of which have been woven all our most cherished magical dreams.

Sex as conceived by Freud thus tends to extend its boundaries and to become co-extensive with life. Freud appears to have been aware of this. In his early writings he talked of the struggle between the ego and sex, but in his latest books the struggle is said to be between the life-wish and the death-wish, and the term used to indicate the former is Eros or Love.

Viewed in the light of this revision, the Freudian theory of sublimation loses all its revolutionary implications.

Biological evidence shows that " the

differentiation of conation into instinctive impulses does not constitute a metamorphosis of energy, an individualisation of energy into a number of kinds." Every activity is an activity of the entire organism.

But the analyst singles out one instinct and traces its vicissitudes, as if we could explain the bends and twists of one single thread of a net by examining that thread alone. The fact that Freud could trace the growth of the sex instinct does not mean that it grew in isolation, and that a defect in adult behaviour can be traced to a disturbance in the development of sex in childhood.

This raises the general question of Freudian determinism. If, during analysis, a man says that, when he was a child, his nurse once threatened to castrate him, can the analyst conclude that the threat was the cause of his present illness? Normal people pass through such experiences. Why are they unaffected? Freud puts the question, "Why are not all neuroses episodes of development which are concluded with the attainment of the next phase?" The answer is noteworthy. "After decades of analytical investigation, this problem looms before us as unsolved as in the beginning."

That a man recalls an infantile incident does not mean that it happened. The memories that come up during analysis are often mere phantasies. They throw light not on the past but on the present. Analysis delves into the past, but the root that it digs up is not the same as the seed out of which the plant grew. The shape of the root did not determine the shape of the tree; on the other hand, the tree has, to some extent, determined the shape and the direction of the roots.

So the present is as significant as the past. On the eve of an examination a boy may get neuralgia, or dream of being pursued by snakes, or develop hostility to his teacher. Analysis will trace each symptom to some past situation real or imaginary, but it is the fear of the present that makes the symptoms appear. Life energy, meeting an obstacle, flows back and fills up the by-streams once relinquished.

But granting that portions of the libido are left on the path of the development of sex, how can the non-availability of that energy prevent the adult's adjustment to a non-sexual situation, seeing that the energy left on the path is sexual and consequently incapable of being used for general purposes?

The theory that sex has a separate fund of energy and a separate development is belied by the fact that its disturbance indicates the disturbance of the entire personality.

Sublimation, whether of the ordinary or the reaction-formation type, is rendered possible by the obstruction to instinct. The libido cannot build a dam against itself, or raise itself to a higher plane by using itself as a lever. Freud recognizes the biological value of the repressing factor, but he looks upon it as foreign to the organism. Sublimation, though desirable, is unnatural, being no better than an artificial grafting.

On what evidence does Freud base his opinion that the repressing factor is a parasitical intruder? What is there to prove that all the factors participating in the evolution of personality are not latent in human

nature?

Freud is, as usual, modest. He confesses that the inner determinants of repression and sublimation are totally unknown to analysts. The history of psychoanalysis is a record of an attempt to locate and to understand the repressing factor. Freud at first thought in terms of a conflict between the individual and society, but soon he understood that the conflict was within the individual. So he formulated the Ego-Sex conflict theory. When he discovered that neither the ego nor sex could explain social activity, he postulated a super-ego, or conscience. This was at first visualized as floating on the surface and repressing immoral impulses into the unconscious; but, when the theory of the conflict between the conscious and the unconscious broke down, conscience was acknowledged to be functioning at all levels whether conscious or unconscious. Some followers of Freud, like Dr. Bose, pushed this idea of repression through the interaction of dynamic factors further, and hinted that conscience was a function of the organism, but, to the end of his life, Freud protested against this trend of thought. "Conscience is no doubt something from within, but it was not there from the beginning."

Whether conscience is innate or not is the crucial question. According to Freud, when the Œdipus conflict subsides, the child identifies itself with its father and forms the father-imago or conscience. In 1931, I threw out a suggestion that the anxiety evinced by children before the Œdipus conflict begins is not different in kind from the anxiety shown afterwards. Many psychologists agree with this. Freud himself has made a significant admission. Previously, Freud held that repression caused anxiety and anxiety produced neurosis, but in his *New Introductory Lectures* he said, "The anxiety was there first and creates the repression."

If the anxiety that produces repression existed before the Œdipus complex was formed, does it not follow that the rôle of the father in the formation of conscience has lost the significance that Freud originally attached to it? How can we hold that conscience is produced out of sexual jealousy when it is shown that some children belonging to matriarchal families identify themselves with the uncle, who under no circumstances is ever seen in the company of a woman? Children who have never seen their fathers create the image of an ideal father. Identification with father, uncle, teacher, healer, ruler and God seems to be in obedience to the innate command, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

Freud confesses that he has not fully understood the process of identification; but, explaining it in terms of the root rather than of the fruit, he calls God a father-substitute. We can reverse the verdict and call the father a God-substitute.

The stock example of sublimation given by the analysts is Jack who, being unable to win his Jill, composes love poetry or worships the Virgin. The substitution of ideal ends turns energy to socially approved harmless channels; but no analyst holds that it is the legitimate fulfilment of the instinct.

As a corrective, we may take the example of Tulsidas. He and his wife

loved each other intensely. The intensity led to his realization that such powerful attraction could not have been physical. The thirst eternal cannot be quenched, and could not have been caused, by the ephemeral body. Tulsidas understood that he had all along been impelled by a desire for the soul of things, Rama, and that his wife had served till then as a substitute. When he renounced sex and began composing his epic, he gave up a substitute in favour of the original. The instinct was restored to its legitimate object.

The drawback to the analytical technique is that it can grasp neither the reality nor the validity of spirit. To the orthodox analyst Sankaracharya and Shakespeare were fellows who expressed the Œdipus complex in the shape of literature and philosophy; and Joan of Arc was a hysterical girl whom marriage might have cured. The flower is nothing but leaves twisted out of shape. Freud's thought is ego-centric: he cannot look upon individuals and stages as the varied manifestations of a larger life. Freud is a spokesman of dying individualism.

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# TOWARDS NATURAL ERADICATION OF THE EVILS OF CASTE

The great institution of caste, like many an old institution, has long been deteriorating; it is seldom that the course is checked by a thorough reform until a strong incarnation, with special intent and purpose, appears in the field. It is gratifying, therefore, to find an occasional study by a keen student, embodying his research and observations calculated to arrest the attention of the reformer. Shri M. N. Srinivas deserves the thanks of Indian society for having introduced the topic, "A New Threat from Caste" in THE ARYAN PATH for last July. Not only Hindu society, but humanity at large, is suffering from the effects of caste, the original purpose of which has long been lost.

When Shri Srinivas mentioned five major divisions of Aryans in India, he must have added the "Pañchama," the fifth caste, to the traditional four varnas, Brāhmaṇa, Kshatriya, Vaiśya and Śūdra. The divisions were not always rigid.

It may be mentioned in passing that the blanketing of whole groups into the higher caste, as in the cases to which Shri Srinivas referred, is not without precedent in Indian history. The all-embracing proselytising attitude of the *early* Aryans in India absorbed the Śakas and Huns (both of whom had come as conquerors) by giving them the distinguished positions of Brāhmaṇas and Kshatriyas respectively. The late Mahāmahopādhyāya Ācharya Satiśachandra Vidyābhūshaṇa, Principal of the Calcutta Sanskrit College, was a descendant of the Śaka line, known still as Śaka [dvīpīya] Brāhmaṇa. The Huns were treated as a particular class of Kshatriyas. The Mewars of Udaipur are known to be originally coming from

Media, settling in Medapatha (Mewar in Rajputana—*vide Epigraphia Indica*, Vol. 2, p. 409). In *later* days, however, the Aryans, under the influence of the Brāhmaṇas, became rather suspicious of neighbours or newcomers. And the Muslims were for all time kept aloof, and were not recognised as a particular caste, following a Kshatriya incarnation. Efforts of the mediæval saints, Kabir, Nanak, Chaitanya and others, however fruitful in other ways, proved rather futile in popularising the idea that Mohammad, the hero of Arabia, was an *Avatāra*.

Shri Srinivas stressed the sense of inferiority in the *later* castes. (I prefer the terms "earlier" and "later" to "higher" and "lower" as the latter are likely to convey a false notion.) But not only is there a complex of inferiority in some, but equally, if not more, a complex of superiority in others, affecting the entire society. Just as the so-called inferior castes cultivate an inferiority complex, the so-called superior ones cultivate its opposite, which is in no way less harmful to society. It is not enough to get rid of the inferiority complex; it is equally necessary to remove the superiority complex from others who are less conscious of the existence of any complex in them, and as such should really be objects of greater pity.

An attempt to move one end of the rod to the position of the other will never nullify the existence of the rod. If the complex is allowed to remain, the very people *now* suffering from an inferiority complex are sure to suffer *afterwards* from a superiority complex. Hence the comprehensive measure suggested by Shri Srinivas, of destroying the "caste mentality" is welcome. But in adopting the suggestion, the political leaders, to whom his appeal is particularly made, should take care not to destroy the old order without attempting to construct a new one. The task is rather sociological or, say, cultural, than merely political.

The necessity for castes in the sense of professional groups (or even guilds) cannot be denied. If there were no castes of hereditary weavers to work on hand-looms—the *Jolahs* of the Muslims and the *Tāntis* (Tantuvāyas) of the Hindus, I mean—the success of the politico-cultural leader Mahatma Gandhi in creating a "hand-spun mentality" would have been insignificant or only partial.

The establishment of the dignity of labour and a high moral standard in the workers of the nation is likely to undermine the "caste-mentality" we often complain of. In the eyes of the people (who are, we believe, inherently moral, although living today in, and influenced by, rather an immoral society) only the selfless individual commands respect and adoration, not the mere offspring of a caste-Brāhmaṇa or even of a king. The infallibility of the latter is always in question: the more so in the present age of democratic ideas. If we go deep into the real condition of society we shall find that the caste-Brāhmaṇa is not held in respect today by virtue of his being born of Brāhmaṇa parents. His position may be grudged (like that of the rich man living upon the labours of the poor) for the social position which he still enjoys to some extent without deserving it. The people's real respect is for the good in heart, the lofty in head and the clever in hand, no matter whether such people are rich or poor,

"high-born" or not, Brāhmaṇa or non-Brahmaṇa. The common people or moral men have ceased to copy the so-called Brāhmaṇa of the Kali (modern) age, although they will still follow a true śreshtha, as the *Gita* puts it in the 21st sloka of the third canto:—

> Whatsoever a great man does, that others also do;
> the people go by the standard he sets up.

The so-called high castes themselves are now losing faith in their old-time customs and traditions. The Śikhā (tuft) and the Sūtra (yajña-sūtra, upavīta) are no longer necessary as badges of noble origin: some Brāhmaṇas have given them both up, and many others have made a beginning by discarding one. As to widow-marriage and marriage after puberty there is a distinctly favourable tendency everywhere. The Brāhmaṇas have few restrictions now about strict vegetarian food. Cremation or burying is but a minor matter, the more hygienic or scientific way predominating in the long run. Why then do we find community after community adopting their practices? Only to gain prestige.

Shri Srinivas mentioned instances of new castes claiming to be called *Vālmīka*-Brāhmaṇa (after the legendary origin of the author of the *Rāmāyaṇa* from a class of hunters), *Viśwakarmā*-Brahmaṇa (after Viśwakarmā, god of craftsmen) and the Kannāda *Sajjana* potters, etc. Let me supplement these by mentioning the *Bhūmihāra* (cultivator) Brāhmaṇa, the *Vaidya* (physician) Brāhmaṇa, the *Yogi* (weaver) Brāhmaṇa, the *Rishi* (cobbler) Brāhmaṇa, and *Narasundara* (barber) Brāhmaṇa. There are Brāhmaṇas also among Namah-Śudras (the huge class in Bengal, outside the four original castes) who perform their religious rites.

The tendency for a whole caste or a group of people to seek a so-called higher status by claiming "Brāhmaṇa-ship" rather than remaining in the three main castes of the non-Brāhmaṇa category, seems to be rather a natural way to destroy the "caste-mentality" in the long run. The rapid change of non-Brāhmaṇa castes to newly-formed sects of the so-called highest group (the Brāhmaṇa) will one day form only one caste—*viz.*, that of Brāhmaṇas only, with numerous sects within the Brāhmaṇa category. It is not easy to predict what will come next. But it is not unlikely that those sects will last for a time, and that the term Brāhmaṇa will come to be synonymous with Aryan or even "man." If such a stage is ever reached, will it not be natural to expect a reversion to caste according to vṛtti (vocation) rather than according to mere birth? Socio-political sanyasis will also then be in a position to help in the process.

The reformed Hindus (drawn from all classes) such as the Brāhma-Samājists, the Prārthanā-, Deva- and Ārya-Samājists, are commanding in all quarters respect like that accorded Brāhmaṇas. The Brāhmas of Bengal are now no less than Brāhmaṇas in the public estimation, the non-Brāhmaṇas coming within the fold of Brāhmaism being considered as elevated to a position they fully deserve. In like manner conversion in high life to another faith (when there is no ulterior motive of marriage or the like) is held in respect. Is it too much to expect that in time all will be Brāhmanised

or treated with respect ?

The brotherhood of all religions, as popularised particularly by Theosophy, is a great force that has long been at work, and no true student of Theosophy would treat a fellow-student as a non-Brāhmaṇa—the Theosophist holds the entire world in the respect due to a Brāhmaṇa.

It is only in the case of Harijanas, awaiting uplift at the hands of others, that the idea of an inferior position persists in the minds of the common people. But as soon as Harijanas themselves gather together to help themselves they will feel elevated and will command respect. Supposing that we call such elevated people Harijana-Brāhmaṇas, then we shall fully Brāhmanise society, eliminating all idea of non-Brāhmaṇas.

The time may not be far distant when all idea of inferiority will vanish, and the terms Brāhma, Brāhmaṇa and the like will denote a man of culture. If such a time ever comes the evils of caste will no doubt be eliminated and a readjustment on the basis of vṛtti or vocation will be possible under the guidance of one or more selfless men, specially destined to take up such work, which is done only once in a yuga. Let us await such a time.

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# UNEMPLOYMENT

One of the significant challenges of the recently issued *General Report of the American Youth Commission of the American Council on Education* is the obligation on society to provide employment for the rising generation through concerted planning.

> For most young people, true freedom will never exist until we establish conditions which will maintain an abundance of available employment opportunity in a world at peace.

The psychological effect of coming out of school and finding no opportunity to apply the knowledge and the skills acquired is undeniably bad, as many a country has found. There can be no equitable and enduring social order without the meeting of this challenge, not for youth alone but for every human being with head and hands and the will to work. Dr. Tagore wrote truly :—

> Rhythm gives reality to that which is desultory, which is insignificant in itself.... To solve the unemployment problem of the homeless heterogeneous into an interrelated balance of fulfilment, is creation itself.

No Government has the right to claim unemployment an irremediable evil under any conditions whatever. The human intelligence that has solved so many baffling problems of science, that has wrought the marvels of economic planning which some of the gigantic business combines represent, *can* lay the spectre of joblessness even in times of peace, if only given the incentive of a quickened social conscience.

# ENDS AND SAYINGS

*"_____ends of verse*
*And sayings of philosophers."*
HUDIBRAS

The annual report of the Harijan Sevak Sangh for 1940-41, which is now before us, gives an eloquent idea of the selfless and valuable work that is being done by the Sangh towards the removal of untouchability. In spite of earnest efforts of the Sangh, class distinctions do persist and the essential conservatism of the orthodox Hindus stands much in the way of progressive moves like the throwing open of the temples to Harijans for worship. The report gives an idea of the wide field of activity which the Sangh has undertaken. From providing water to these depressed classes by either digging new wells or getting existing ones thrown open to them, up to providing educational and residential facilities and affording scholarships and other necessaries, the Harijan Sevak Sangh embraces a vast field of activity and does work which is constructive and exemplary. Progressive education of both the sexes among the depressed classes, as is attempted to be secured by the establishment, at various centres, of hostels for boys and girls, boarding-houses and schools like the Harijan Kanya Vidyalaya, Sabarmati, will not only bring to them an awareness of their own condition, and of the need for physical and mental cleanliness, but also will dispel from their minds all sense of an ingrained inferiority which is nothing else but the result of long ages of suppression. Particularly regarding temple-entry the report makes interesting reading. In Malabar and in Bombay City, though the temples have been thrown open by legislative provision, the depressed classes are reluctant to avail themselves of the right, either through superstition or fear of social harassment. It must be a part of the education imparted to the depressed classes to convince them that in the matter of civic rights and responsibilities they should not regard themselves as inferior in any way.

The scope of the work is vast and the funds, the Secretary reports, are meagre. A mere perusal of the present report is more than enough to convince the most sceptical that the national value of such work is incalculable. It is time that those who could help the Sangh to tide over its precarious finances, should understand the social cruelty of suppressing and maintaining in perpetual ignorance our own brethren. Whatever may be said for the caste system as originally instituted, and it is much, there is no defence for the artificial division of society which leaves millions outside the fold. It is time that we put forth our full effort in removing this blot from the fair name of Hinduism. Working with a missionary zeal, towards an ideal that is as much religious in the true sense as social, the workers of the Harijan Sevak Sangh deserve not only our warm appreciation but the sincere and solid support of all men of good-will.

The achievements of China are on everybody's lips. She was unorganized when Japan, militarized after the pattern of her masters, the great European nations, attacked her. How many decades ago was that, if time is to be counted by China's transformation? That change must be considered the greatest foe of Japan for it has a moral basis and is bound to emerge triumphant. Unaided by the "great powers," not only militarily but also morally, China has become a Power to be reckoned with and respected all over the world. In a very interesting article in *Asia* for March, Professor P. K. Mok gives some reasons why "We Chinese Defend Our Faith"; "Faith" that has enabled China to be victorious even though so much of her terrain is in Japanese hands. Prof. Mok writes:—

I remember a favorite slogan among the students during the decade after the first World War: "We want the *civilization* of the West, not its *militarization*." Childish as it may seem, the distinction is fundamental. It affirms that there is a great deal to be learned by China from the West. It indicates what it is that China wishes to learn. It does not identify the greatness of the West with its military power. Far from expressing the superiority complex of the weak, it reaffirms the faith that the common good can be attained only through sympathy and mutual admiration of proved excellencies. It declares that this slave-turned-master, this misapplication of human inventions, deserves no adulation; and that China's modernization has been and will be a free experiment: the people choose.

In the process of China's learning from the West the people have always been, in their wisdom, holding the infallible scale of life and human values to guide their judgment. Does this or that new thing make life richer and happier? Try it and experience will tell. There is no ruler to limit the sphere of learning and to apply control. The government may encourage or discourage and the people may follow its advice or laugh at it. Unlike Japan's westernization, which is partial, limited, dictated, prescribed and controlled, China's learning is a free, democratic, all-sided experiment.

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And what is the lesson that all the world has to learn from China?

Whenever rebarbarization is going on about us, it is already a moral victory for us if we reaffirm our faith in them [these ideals]. To believe that man has the will and capacity to achieve, by rational and humane means, the good life for himself and, collectively, for the greatest number; that he has a dignity and worth which make him an end in himself; that he owes no allegiance to any one except by conscience; that all Sabbaths are made for the opportunity and freedom of growth and increasing satisfaction of all—these ideals have always been with us here in China, lived, perhaps, more than sung.

There is a valuable message for the leaders of the U. S. A. and Great Britain who now claim China as an Ally. Victory on the moral plane is much more important than on land or on sea or in air. The latter, devoid of moral force, will not make the world safe for any lasting peace. The greatest Moral Force in the world today is embodied in Gandhiji— "the little man of Sevagram," as he is sometimes called; his small, lean frame is a symbol of the steadily burning spiritual fire which consumes flesh and therefore shines all the more in its native hue. If a truly new world is to arise, full of peace and prosperity, it can only be by the U. S. A. and Britain respecting the Moral Force which has been bringing victory to China; and all, including China herself, should affirm that Gandhiji's way of Ahimsa is the creator of true Peace and his Weapon of Satyagraha the builder of true Prosperity.

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Professor Mok concludes :—

There is not the slightest doubt that the twentieth century—possibly also the twenty-first—will be an American century. . . . Having the will, America, alone of all nations, has the means to be leader of free nations.

In itself this is a good sign. We ourselves pointed this out in our Editorial for last September on "India and the Americas in the Future." We then said :—

The world will look not to Europe, but to the Americas—the centre of civilization will not be in Paris, London, and Berlin, but in Washington, New York, Los Angeles and Chicago.

And we also pointed to the part India can and should play in the reconstruction of a world now shattering.

Friends of humanity everywhere will need great tolerance to perceive each other's points of view. And appositely we may quote here words of Gandhiji himself in *Harijan* of 31st May :—

Evolution of democracy is not possible if we are not prepared to hear the other side. We shut the doors of reason when we refuse to listen to our opponents or having listened make fun of them. If intolerance becomes a habit, we run the risk of missing the truth. Whilst with the limits that nature has put upon our understanding, we must act fearlessly according to the light vouchsafed to us, we must always keep an open mind and be ever ready to find that what we believed to be truth was, after all, untruth. This openness of mind strengthens the truth in us and removes the dross from it, if there is any.

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While the Orient has lessons to learn from the Occident, as mentioned by Professor Mok, for which calm and dispassionate tolerance is necessary, the immediate and pressing requirement of the "White" peoples is to learn to understand the point of view of the coloured races. In its issue of 13th February last, *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* writes some words in this connection which are worth recording :

After the war Asia, stirred by all its emotions and passions, will demand much more than has yet been conceded. At the Peace Conference Japan proposed that racial equality should be found a place in the principles of the League of Nations; the demand was rejected. The demand will be more insistent after this war. The most hopeful feature of the present situation is the military co-operation of China and the Western Powers. The prowess of the Chinese has destroyed, we may hope, the spirit of patronising superiority that has marked the British behaviour so often in the past; our debt to Chinese heroism in a struggle on which our life depends will compel our Governments to take serious account of the Chinese point of view. Our alliance with Japan was an alliance of convenience; this is an alliance of principle. This relationship is bound to touch the British imagination and to give a wider reach to British sympathy and understanding. If, again, we can overcome our difficulties and give effect to what is undoubtedly the genuine desire of the British people to see India free and united we shall have given a great impetus to the spirit of conciliation between East and West. What is needed is a moral revolution that will break down the resentment of Asia and the arrogance of Europe. The war may well produce it.

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In an article in *The Social Welfare* for 21st May on "Sport: A Powerful Weapon for National Unity," Mr. A. F. S. Talyarkhan maintains that especially on the play-ground is it possible for us to resolve our communal differences and to make of sport a powerful tool for forging national unity. He points with enthusiasm to the agreement of the P. J. Hindu Gymkhana at Bombay "to accept a certain number of the members of the Islam and Parsee Gymkhanas, either for the duration of the war or during such time as these two gymkhanas are without their usual

facilities." We agree that it is a generous gesture, though we are not swept off our feet by "the Greatest Sporting Event of all time in India."

No one denies the possible advantages of such repudiation of the communal spirit. But when it actually comes to sinking differences and forgetting creedal labels in a co-operative endeavour one realises the difference between altruism in theory and in practice. The gesture made by the P. J. Hindu Gymkhana, really generous, will be fruitless if it does not inspire the members of the other gymkhanas to the realisation that now an opportunity has arisen to set an example by a constructive effort at liquidating our artificial but harmful misunderstandings. Thus emphasis on sectional differences can be precluded and a willing acceptance and expansion of the idea may soon materialise into clubs and gymkhanas without communal labels. Such a development would be in line with the fervent appeal which Shri Manu Subedar made in THE ARYAN PATH for January 1940, for the establishment of an Anti-Communal League. It is not impossible that our gymkhanas, should they in times like the present thus shed their differences, may lead the way to communal harmony not so much by precept as by more potent example.

The important part which even school sports can play in breaking down communal barriers was brought out not long ago at a large meeting of the teachers of Kashmir on which *Sadhana* comments constructively. The Inspector of Schools, Kashmir circle, who presided, brought out the part which sporting activities in the schools could play in promoting broad-mindedness and intercommunal friendships. Too often, alas, the schools, with their communal hostels and linguistic societies, widen the existing gaps, fomenting disunity instead of fostering harmony. It is high time that those in charge recognised their responsibilities for promoting brotherhood among the younger generation. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

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At once more important and more difficult to obtain than a certificate of technical preparedness for village service is the less tangible certificate of ability to serve acceptably for which the village worker has to look to those whom he hopes to help. This was brought out by Shri Vinoba Bhave in his convocation address to the students of the Gram Sevak Vidyalaya at Wardha which is reported in *Gram Udyog Patrika* for May.

He emphasised the need for willing personal effort in enlarging the scope of the crafts within the rural areas and the necessity of winning, in actual practical work in the villages, the love and recognition of the rural folk for whose service the training was primarily designed. That, said Shri Bhave, was no easy thing. The villagers' standard of service was high. No one could meet it who would treat the villagers with supercilious aloofness:—

> They must not be looked down on by us, their servants, as illiterate or ignorant in comparison with ourselves. They have their own methods of work in agriculture as in all matters pertaining to their requirements. The villagers are hard working as a rule. No worker, therefore, with half-baked knowledge or one who is lazy will make good in a village. There can be no entrance for a worker into the hearts of the people unless he learns to be attracted by their qualities and disregard their shortcomings.

The first requisite, therefore, for one who goes to the villages with a view to improving them is that he must bring himself to an appreciation of what is good and worth emulating in the villages, so that by a process of persuasive co-operation there may be created opportunities for an all-round rural development. "If we are unable to see the good in others, there is something gravely lacking in us."

Gandhiji has held up the ideal for village workers of becoming a "pattern of virtue and work." And now, more than ever, when large sections of the urban population are migrating into the villages, no small field of activity is open to those who cherish in their hearts a genuine desire to ameliorate village conditions. But it deserves to be repeated that it is useless to go to the villages with an air of superiority. What both Gandhiji and Bhave insist upon is humanity of spirit, the achieving of a truly village mentality that can bring one nearer to the hearts of the rural folk and a patient acceptance of all the inconveniences of rural life, not with an eye to reward but purely in a spirit of selfless and disinterested service.

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St. John Ervine strikes a warning note in *Homes and Gardens* for February, apropos of an effect of war that is often lost sight of.

> War breeds both good and evil. The good looks after itself...how are we to cope with the moral sepsis which is growing insidiously?

Doubtless the British Isles could not claim a monopoly on the "wave of dishonesty" that he reports flowing over them and his reminder is worth pondering that

> victory will be useless to us if it finds us with a demoralised people, and we must, if victory is to benefit the world, resist evil in ourselves no less than we resist it in others....Standards are more easily lowered than raised. The moral sepsis we acquire in a week or a month may take years to cure.

He marshals a number of proofs of the lowering of moral tone. We need not take very seriously the coincidence of the increase in dishonesty and the drastic decline in Sunday-School attendance in the last thirty years. Developments may be concurrent without being causally related. But he makes a valuable point in the infectious nature of vice, though he properly refuses to admit the plea that "Everybody does it" in extenuation of moral debility.

> Wrong is still wrong, whether it be done only by one person or by a million persons, and the fact that my neighbour steals from me does not justify me in stealing from him! Our victory, when it is won will not be worth while if the war makes thieves of us all.

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